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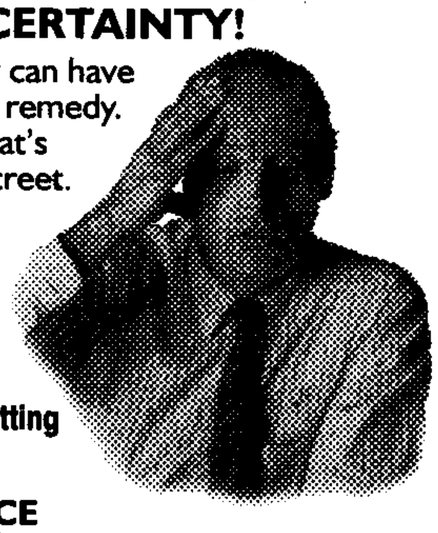

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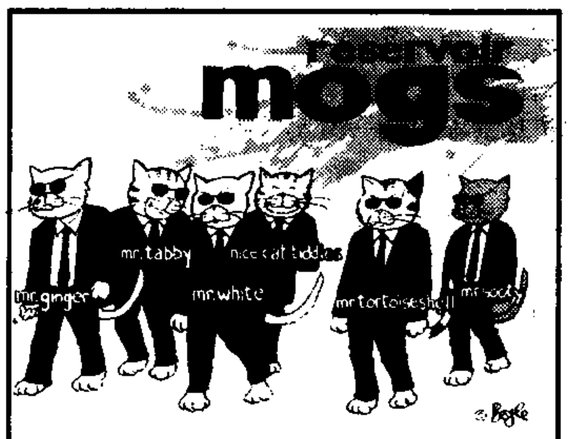

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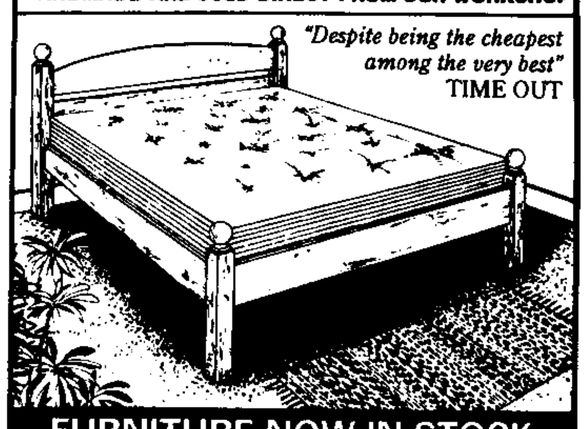

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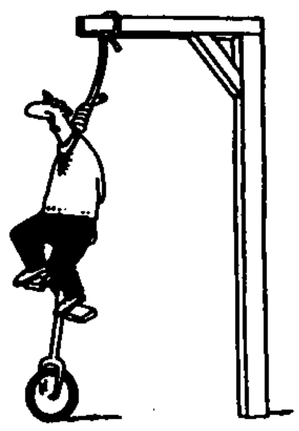

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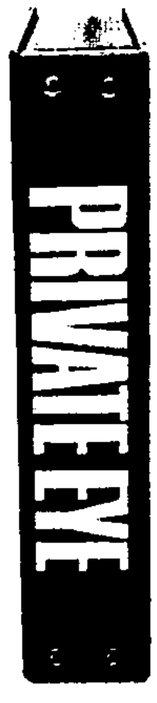

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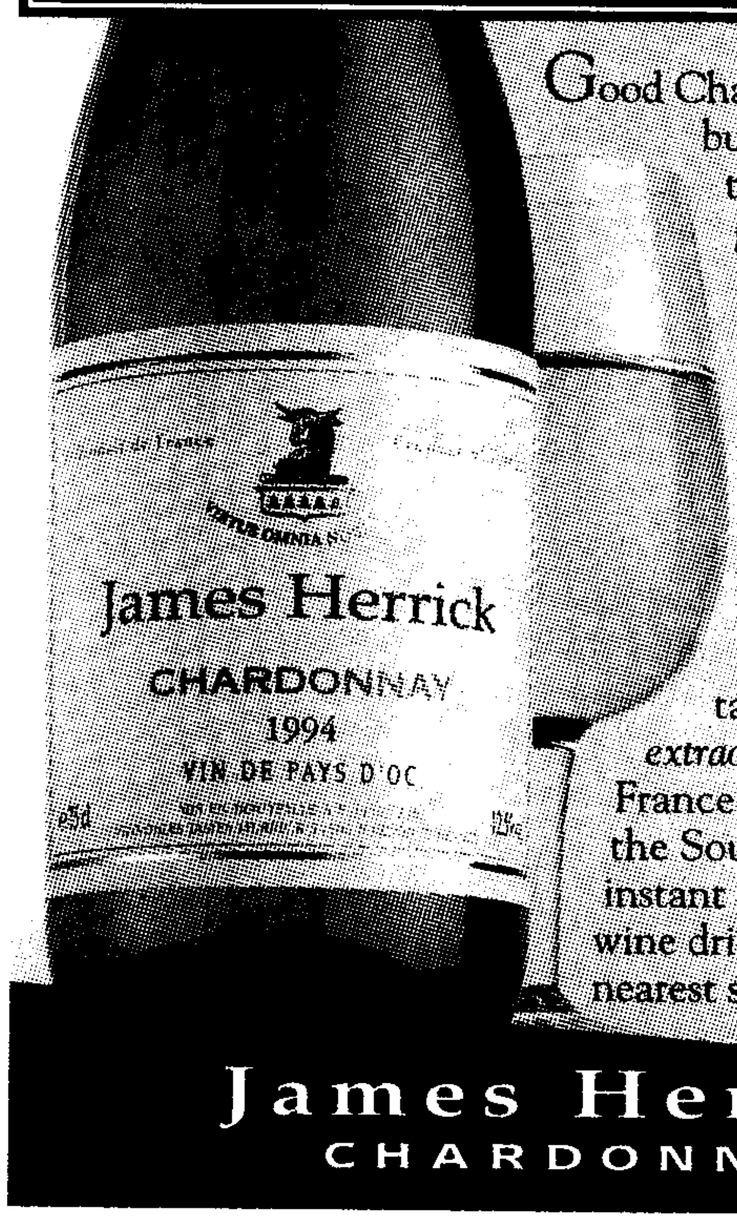

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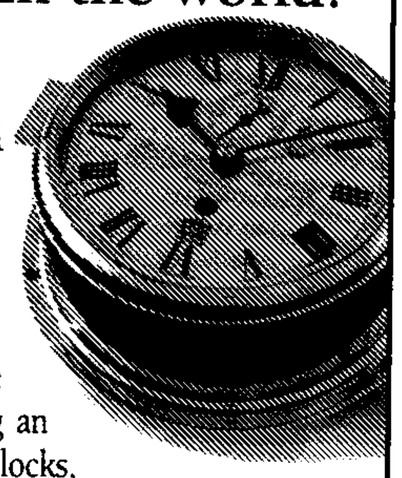

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NOT even the rain could dampen the spirits of those of us who sat in the centre court and watched one of the most exhilarating displays of British pluck and determination in the history of Wimbledon.

With the songs of Sir Clifford Richard ringing in our ears it was hard to resist a surge of patriotic fervour at the spectacle being played out before us.

Let's admit it then!

Our hearts swelled with pride as 23-year-old Melissa Johnson streaked across the hallowed turf in a bravura exhibition of British nudity.

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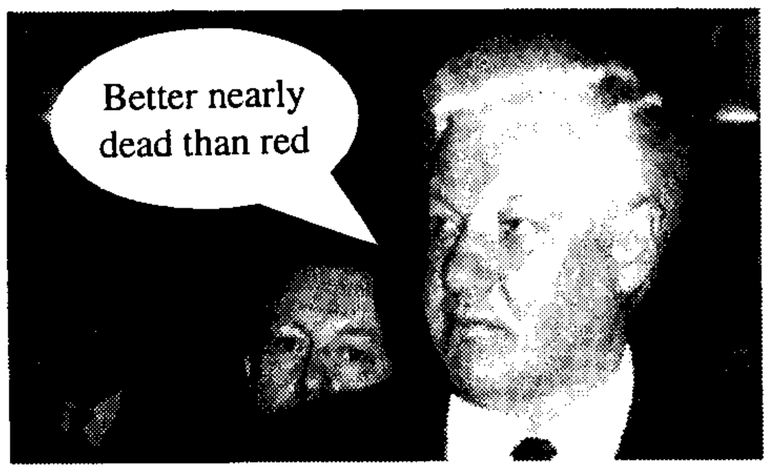

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COLOUR SECTION

AS HE studies the legal arguments in his divorce proceedings, the Prince of Wales would be well advised to read the introduction to Tom Bower's book on the Maxwell brother's trial, *Final Verdict.*

Bower records there the remarkable vendetta against him by Robert Maxwell — the main lawyer hired by the Fat Man to pursue this vendetta being Anthony Julius of Mishcon de Reya, the "tough negotiator" now acting in the royal divorce for the Princess of Wales.

Maxwell hated Bower for the latter's biography, *Maxwell The Outsider*, which told a little of the truth of the great man's skulduggery over the years. Maxwell swore that he would "get Bower" and instructed his chief of staff, Peter Jay, and Julius to do the dirty work.

An amazing correspondence between Jay and Julius later came into Bower's hands. It exposed a plan to get Bower prosecuted under the data protection act for storing information about Maxwell in his computer. The plan was helped along by Tony Frost, a *Sunday Mirror* "reporter" who was sent along by his proprietor to snoop on Bower's house; and by George Potter OBE, a private detective working for Control Risks, who was asked to put a scanner at the bottom of Bower's garden to bug his telephone and his computer.

None of this accomplished Maxwell's purpose — to prosecute and bankrupt Bower. But it demonstrated the extraordinary lengths to which Julius was prepared to go in his client's interest.

THE sight of Lady Olga Maitland on the front pages, full-frontal in a bathing costume enjoying the sun on an official parliamentary visit to Malta, might have deflected her admirers from congratulating her husband, laid-back recorder Robin Hay, on yet another FAO (Freebie Accompanying Olga).

From 4-11 April 1994 he was on a FAO to Kuwait as the guest of the National Committee for Kuwaiti missing persons, an organisation to which he gives paid legal advice.

On 29 July 1994 he was on a one-night FAO at the well-appointed Phoenicia Hotel, Malta.

On 6-15 September 1994 he was on a FAO to Hong Kong, paid for by the Hong Kong government.

On 21-26 April he was on a FAO to Turkey, paid for by the Turkish government.

On 26-30 May 1995 he was on a FAO to Bahrein and Kuwait as guest of the Gulf Centre for Strategic Studies.

On 4-11 September 1995 he was on a FAO to Northern Cyprus paid for by the (internationally unrecognised) government there.

On 15-20 September he was back again on a FAO to Kuwait.

In October 1995 Lady Olga managed to get to Pakistan without him for a week, and in February and March this year she was off again — to Karachi, Dublin and Saudi Arabia.

DAME Shirley Porter's Westminster Gang of Six, surcharged £31 million by the district auditor for squandering ratepayers' money on rigging elections for the Tory party, have all boldly announced that they will appeal "to a proper judge". But at least two of them may not be able to afford it.

Graham England, former director of housing, and his former deputy, Paul Haler, are members of a small trade union called MPO. Two years ago the union's general-secretary Graham Corless decided that MPO would pay all the costs for their hearings before the auditor.

Two very left-wing barristers — Jeremy McMullen and Bill Birtles — duly appeared for England and Haler. The total cost of legal fees to the union is believed to be not far short of £250,000. Some of MPO's 10,000 members were not overjoyed at this vast expense incurred by two members who had clearly broken the law in the interests of the Tory party.

The question now is: will the union stump up even more money for the two men to appeal? Graham Corless tells the *Eye* that the matter will be decided at an important executive meeting later in July, but until then he cannot comment.

THE recent debate over doctors' having sexual relationships with their patients confirmed the profession's firm disciplinary stance against such impropriety. But this stance contrasts alarmingly with the tolerant approach adopted by the General Medical Council to persistent paedophile Dr Roderick Fraser, who was allowed to practise as a child psychiatrist despite having a serious criminal record.

In 1973 Fraser was convicted of assaulting a 13-year-old boy scout in London. He was also found guilty of misconduct by the GMC, but the council decided not to strike him off the medical register and he returned to practice in the UK.

News of the GMC decision reached Fraser immediately after his deportation from the United States. He had crossed the Atlantic following the court case but was thrown out of the country after being charged with 27 counts of procuring a minor as an active member of a paedophile ring.

Back at work in Britain, in 1992, Fraser was sent to prison for 12 months for taking and selling indecent photographs of children. After his release the GMC again failed to remove Fraser from the medical register, and because of this he was able — after falsifying his cv — to get a job in a Southampton hospital. This ended when checks by the health authority revealed his background.

Within a year Hampshire police questioned him on suspicion of possessing paedophile material. After the charges were dropped on technical grounds, Fraser moved to Amsterdam where he still resides. Now that he's safely out of the country (although God help Dutch children) and 23 years on from his first conviction, the GMC has finally removed him from the medical register.

It did so, however, while meeting in camera with none of the usual publicity. The GMC refused to comment to the *Eye* on an individual case, so its secrecy and reluctance over Fraser's case remain a mystery.

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Street Of Shame

WHEN Will "Stakeholder" Hutton took charge of the *Observer* he immediately fired many of the hacks associated with the previous Jaspan regime. However, he reassured those who remained there would be no more staff sackings.

Last week another batch of hacks was "purged" from the Life and Preview supplements. Shome mishtake, shurely? Apparently not: Hutton explained that they were not technically staff but "contract freelances" — even though many of them had been working full-time at the paper for years. Perhaps he will use them as an example of the job insecurity and "contract culture" about which he is forever complaining in his books and newspaper columns.

Unfortunately for him, his colleagues are unimpressed: following an angry meeting of the *Observer*'s NUJ chapel last Wednesdsay, the hacks are now officially "in dispute" with Mr Stakeholder.

GORGEOUS pouting Cristina Odone, ex-editor of the *Catholic Herald*, told the *Guardian* last week that radio was "much my favourite medium", whereas she watched TV only "rarely".

This candid confession did not go down too well with Charles Moore, editor of the *Daily Telegraph*: only a few days earlier, he had signed up Odone as his new television critic.

A furious Moore asked his secretary to ring the hapless harpie at once and demand an explanation. Odone, fearful that she would be sacked before even starting work, answered the phone pretending to be "the daily woman", explaining that Cristina Odone had gone away for a while.

Alas! That very evening Moore encountered her at a party and gave her a Force Ten dressing-down. "And another thing," he told the trembling hackette. "Why do you claim to be a cleaning lady?"

MAX "Hitler" Hastings wrote a book called *Bomber Command* and in the first edition (1979), monstered the reputation of Wing Commander Don Smith, who succeeded Group Captain Leonard Cheshire as commanding officer of 76 Squadron, labelling him incompetent and unpopular.

In April this year, the aviation magazine *Wingspan* detailed "Hitler's" inaccuracies and duplicities. For when Don Smith's lawyers complained, "Hitler" and his publisher, Michael Joseph, agreed to substantially revise the second edition and published a long, grovelling statement in the *Daily Telegraph* (31/1/80). "Hitler", acknowledging he had been unjust and incorrect, stated that he was pleased to set the record straight now that fresh evidence had been made available to him.

Don Smith died in 1987, happy his good name had been restored, but baffled why a well-known journalist would savage his reputation without ever having attempted to contact him.

But then in 1992 and 1993, *Bomber Command* was republished — reverting almost verbatim to the original attack on Don Smith which had been so publicly disavowed in 1980.

The reason was simple, as "Hitler" fearlessly explained to *Wingspan*: "Knowing that Don Smith was by now dead, I altered the text of the section on 'Courage' to restore what I considered were the central points..."

Always a gent, "Hitler", and a man of his word.

THERE are, it seems, two people writing in the Murdoch press under the same name. One of them, "William Rees-Mogg", wrote in the *Times* of 10 June about "Birt's gamble on a commercial BBC — if the BBC tries to compete in the digital age it will lose the licence fee and be privatised". This is clearly not the same "William Rees-Mogg" who interviewed John Birt in the *Sunday Times* of 23 June in tones of fawning admiration.

Mogg 1 warned that Birt was "downgrading the position of radio in the BBC hierarchy", "ending the independence of the excellent English-language programme-making of the World Service" and "centralising power inside the BBC". This was described as "a gamble with the whole future of the BBC" that would "bring to an end the BBC as we know it".

Mogg 2, however, wrote that Birt was *not* moving the BBC in a commercial direction. He had "reorganised" the corporation because he believed in the benefits of the licence fee system and wished to preserve the BBC as "the most successful cultural institution in the world".

In neither piece does Mogg say that the deputy chairman of the BBC under Marmaduke Hussey was none other than William Rees-Mogg. No doubt this is yet another namesake.

"IN my view, the England players were never as bad as they were portrayed before the tournament and never as good as it's been suggested during or since": so said the *Mirror*'s soccer hack Harry Harris in the *Grauniad*'s backpages (July 5th).

And Harry should know — after all it was Harris himself who described England's boozy players before Euro 96 as "a damning indictment of the state of our game" and "the laughing stock of the world". And it was Harris again who only days later gushed, "No, it wasn't a dream, it was dream football. And England were playing it. I've never seen anything like it since I was a boy..."

JEREMY CLARKSON's motoring column for the *Sun* has the telly presenter of BBC2's *Top Gear* optimistically flagged as "The Best Writer on the Road". He proved this amply in his column a few weeks ago.

Clarkson wrote: "Fly-covered windscreens need not be a problem again for BMW drivers. The luxury car makers claim their new rubber solution applied to the glass makes flies bounce off your windscreen."

This struck the motoring fraternity as strange: the bug deflecting windscreen had been revealed in a press release from BMW in April — surely the brilliant Clarkson was not simply copying out PR puff and dated PR at that. Even stranger is that the release was not even real. It was BMW's annual attempt at a joke, an April Fool's release designed to raise a chuckle in the seriously dull world of car correspondents. Could clever Clarkie have failed to see the funny side? Surely not!

"Sorry to bother you Harry, but have you any underpants I can borrow?"

THE hitherto graphically lurid *News of the Screws*, it seems, has had a Damascene conversion and is now so committed to the path of righteousness that it must be renamed *News of the Saints*.

After a reader wrote in with an eye-witness description of gay men openly having sex in Bloomsbury's leafy Russell Square (some without condoms), *NoW* features editor Ray "Moral" Levine replied: "Unfortunately, we feel that exposure of the matters, though thoroughly distasteful, raised by you are not suitable for publication in the *News of the World*. In our experience drawing attention to similar matters has encouraged others of a similar persuasion to descend upon the area, making the problem worse for local residents."

Just, in fact, as it has at Wapping! Pass the sick bag, Rupe.

JUST FANCY THAT!

READERS of *Personal Computer World* magazine were no doubt enthralled to read the latest "group test" of super-fast PCs in the mag's current issue.

Eighteen models from various manufacturers were examined, and reviewer Dylan Armbrust was particularly scathing about one system — the IBM Aptiva. Describing is as "like an old, sick, family animal: it's had its day... so the kindest thing is to put it down", he concluded: "Bad points — where do we begin? IBM's only chance is to give them away."

Hardly a glowing recommendation — so readers may have been surprised to find, later in the same issue, a *PCW* competition headlined "Go for Gold — Win an IBM Aptiva", in which the very same machine (which received a "value" rating of only 3 out of 10) is now described as "much-coveted"...

"I've only just bought this bronze stuff and you're telling me I ought to upgrade to iron?"

LONDON *Evening Standard* hacks, who write the same story every year about the Wimbledon queues and how the strawberries are selling, were surprised this time to be asked to report on who was in the royal box each day.

Who made this curious request of the newsdesk? Sadly, suspicion falls on the paper's editor, the famous snob Max "Hitler" Hastings, who was due to attend the tournament for three days. Hastings evidently wanted to check that no arriviste trash would be lowering the tone and wanted to know with whom he would be indulging in barking arslikhan when he made his visit.

PS: Hitler must have been furious to see that leftie *Observer* editor Will Hutton and his wife had royal box seats on the second day of the fortnight.

SOMEONE has been taking Max "Hitler" Hastings's nickname rather too literally.

Last week he received a letter from Germany, signed by veterans of the Waffen SS, inviting him to be the guest speaker at their annual reunion.

LIBEL NEWS

A FUNNY thing happened to Alan Herd, for years the solicitor to former England cricketers Ian Botham and Allan Lamb: he was declared bankrupt by order of the high court on 6 June — on the eve of the enormous libel action Botham and Lamb have taken out against the former captain of Pakistan, Imran Khan.

The high court order names Alan Herd, Andrew Cameron and Neil Macdonald, all former partners of Vallance Lickfolds, a solicitors firm in Holborn, London. All three are now working at Swepstone Walsh, a distinguished libel firm in the same area. Mr Cameron confirmed to the *Eye* that the bankruptcy order refers to the three men's previous association with Vallance Lickfolds and has nothing to do with Swepstone Walsh. Asked for details, he snapped: "I do not discuss my firm's or my clients' business with the press." He added: "One thing I would like to emphasise most strongly. We all have certificates from the Law Society allowing us to practise as solicitors."

Asked if Mr Herd would be representing Botham and Lamb in the libel case, Mr Cameron replied: "Swepstone Walsh will be representing them."

HALLO!

THE HEARTWARMING COLUMN

HALLO! AMAZINGLY, the heir to the throne looks set for the same throbbing treatment from an ex-*amour* that Diana so sensitively received in Anna Pasternak's seminal romance *Princess in Love*!

Till now, little Jane Ward has turned down hugely lucrative offers for a "tell all" exposé (see *Eyes passim*), complaining: "All they want to know about is the size of his willie."

But now poor Jane, in dire financial straights, is even being pursued by bailiffs (see last *Eye*). So she has written a book synopsis for a London publisher about those heady days when she was assistant manager of the Guards Polo Club — and Brian would slip over to her little grace and favour cottage in the grounds of Windsor Park.

Her story is very stimulating: they lie naked in each other's arms and Brian pours his heart out to her etc. etc. But there is still one problem for the publishers.Jane is still reluctant to go into full "slapper" mode is still refusing to give the enlightened publishers what they want to hear i.e the size of Brian's willie.

HALLO! **THE most debonair and discreet of PR men, Max Clifford, tells me a strange tale. Not long ago he was contacted by a professional lady from the Bayswater area, who styles herself The Governess and administers "strict discipline". One of her most enthusiastic clients, she revealed, is a public figure who is well-known for his thunderous pontifications on the sanctity of marriage and so forth. She wondered if Max knew of any newspapers which would pay for the privilege of spying on this prominent moralist while he was receiving his regular six-of-the-best.**

Quite rightly, Max sent her packing.

HALLO! NOBODY enjoyed the lavish hospitality of the marvellous von Bulow wedding more than our old friend Taki Theodoracopulous. Shame then that his frequent urge to toast the union eventually led to strange scenes on the Sunday evening flight back to London.

As the Alitalia flight climbed out of Rome, Taki — still pissed — decided to entertain fellow travellers in business class with readings from his column. When this met with no response the charming Taki then began to regale everyone with his charming thoughts on jews, negroes and homosexuals. Taki then played hilarious jokes on the cabin crew, ordering all sorts of amusing things from the stewardesses and eventually started to shout amusing abuse at any "proles" walking past him to the loo! "If I thought you had to sit with reptiles like that in Business, I'd have gone Economy," said one businessman who for some reason did not enjoy Taki's delightful antics.

One hopes that the Old Coke Sniffer chose NOT to read aloud from any of his previous pieces.His column in the *Spectator* about "the decline of civility and good manners" (June 1st) perhaps? Or "civilised people" and the unpleasant rise and rise of the "dregs of society" (June 29th)?

HALLO! *ONE has been deeply shocked at the BBC's Wimbledon TV coverage. While charming number three seed and former Wimbledon champion, Conchita Martinez, was playing, the camera suddenly panned in on a spectator — the women's doubles player, Gigi Fernandez. "Ah," murmured the normally deadly dull commentator John Barrett, "Conchita's close companion."*

The next day I switched on to find Sir Cliff Richard camping around on the centre court, with a chorus of white-clad gels behind him: Martina Navratilova, Ginny Wade, Hanna Mandlikova, Jana Navotna, Conchita, Gigi...

What is the BBC trying to do to our impressionable youth? Such material should surely be banned till after the nine o'clock watershed!

HALLO! PROFESSOR Richard Whitfield, megalomaniac warden of Windsor's religious "think-tank" St George's House, recently attended a speech being delivered at St George's by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the presence of HRH Prince Philip, followed by a grand dinner.Whitfield, described in internal reports as "a bully who likes to pick on one individual, mostly women" (see *Eyes passim*), must be worried by Carey's new initiative on morality. The committee set up to investigate his latest (mis)behaviour, including Labour front-bencher Paul Boeteng and Baroness Cox, met on 16 April to discuss their findings. There is as yet an ominous silence.

"He only drinks to be unsociable."

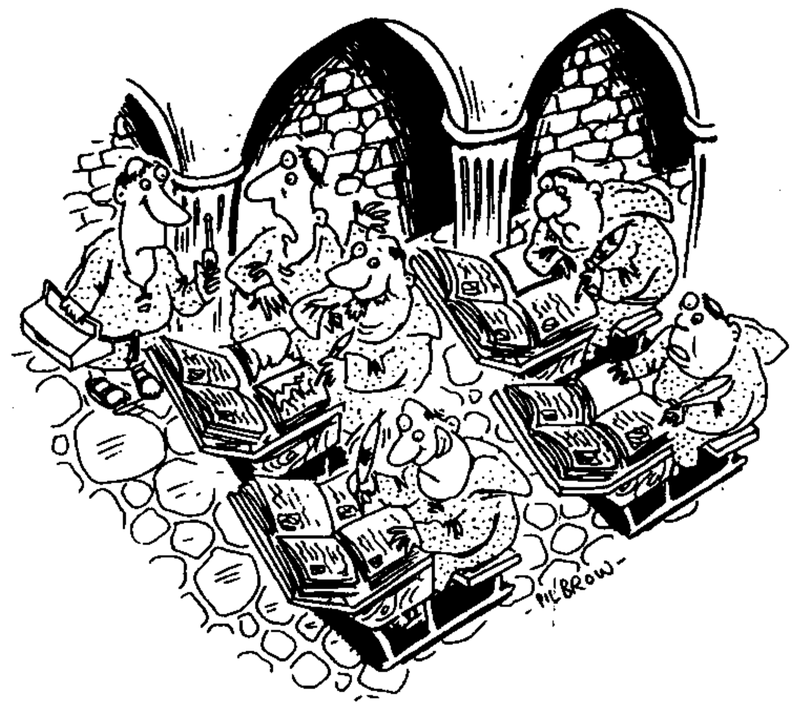
HALLO! **ONE is thrilled to hear of the gallant labours of Mr David Montgomery, sensitive supremo at the *Daily Mirror*, to protect the privacy of his tender relationship with former M&C Saatchi advertising executive, the Countess of Woolton.**

There has been considerable marital distress *chez* the Earl of Woolton (see last *Eye*), where husband Simon selflessly remains with Sophie, once Deb of the Year, for the sake of the children.

But Monty, separated from his own wife Heidi, has heroically been ringing Fleet Street editors to keep such tittle-tattle out of the public prints. Sir David English, editor-in-chief at Associated Newspapers, was most accommodating! He immediately ordered the story be spiked — even though the *Daily Mail* normally writes about the most piffling of the countess's activities.

"Rommel" himself, of course, would never publish intrusive gutter "stories" in any of his own fine tabloids.

HALLO! *WHAT a wonderful and lavish joint party at the Inner Temple for Jack Straw, 50, and Robert Ayling, 50. Jack speaks for Labour on Home Affairs and Robert is managing director of British Airways. Both men are lawyers (Jack's a barrister; Bob's a solicitor) and have been chums for years despite their different views on politics. Ayling is a bit of a Tory and Jack is of course a well-known Conservative.*



"This copier keeps chewing up paper"

HALLO! *MY old friend Lord Hanson, I fear, will be bemused by the latest amour of his conceited son and heir Robert, who is currently squiring Ms Brenda Schad, a lovely "Red Indian".*

Sultry Brenda, in fact, was used as the model by Disney artists for the hit cartoon film, Pocahontas. It is not, of course, the fact that Brenda's father was a Choctaw Indian and her mother a Cherokee that will worry the broad-minded Lord Hanson. It is that she is a vociferous campaigner for something called "Native American rights".

In February, poor Lord Hanson had a shoot-out at his AGM when American Indians staged a protest — causing His Lordship to lose his famous sang-froid. When the injuns asked why his company carried out open-cast mining, Lord Hanson riposted wittily: "Because I say so".

HALLO! **OH DEAR. Last issue I recorded that the sad departure of Lord St John of Fawlsey as Master of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, was movingly commemorated with a scholarly souvenir tribute from his students, entitled *AVE ATQUE VALE REGINA* (Hail and Farewell Queen). However a student from the college rings to point out that, in this otherwise charming *homage*, a "spoof" advertisement for a well-known shampoo has Maggie's former minister gushing: "I never take a shower without my Timothei..."**

What I wonder, is the "joke"?

'The Marquesa'

LOCKERBIE LATEST

THE South African authorities have at last admitted that their former foreign minister Pik Botha and a large entourage were booked on the fatal Pan-Am flight which crashed over Lockerbie in 1988 — and at the last moment switched the booking.

The rumour seems to confirm suspicions of some relatives that security services were nervous of Pan-Am flights starting from Frankfurt, as the fatal flight 103 did. American embassy staff in Moscow, for instance, were warned off such a flight in an official notice.

On 6 June, South African MP C.W Eglin asked the justice minister if Botha and his entourage had reservations on the flight. The answer was "yes". The minister went on: "I am informed by the former minister of foreign affairs that shortly before finalising their booking arrangements for Pan-Am flight 103 to New York, they learned of an earlier flight from London to New York, namely Pan-Am flight 101. They consequently were booked and travelled on that flight to New York."

IN THE TEAROOM

LAST week John Redwood shook hands with his 25,000th rank and file Tory member as part of a gruelling rubber chicken campaign not seen since Michael Heseltine's heliborne operations in the late 1980s.

Soon he will be off to the United States where he will be photographed chumming around with Newt Gingrich and hoping to look like someone Washington takes seriously. No doubt he will also be collecting some large denomination dollar bills from American rightwingers for his Conservatives 2000 think tank.

All this has been watched with quiet satisfaction by his rival, Michael Portillo. The defence secretary is keen that Redwood meets as many ordinary Tories as possible, believing that only when you get inside the glassy eyed Vulcan's weird energy field do you begin to sense how peculiar he really is. Equally, Portillo is keen to foster Redwood's Newt connection, anticipating that frequent juxtaposition will lead mainstream Tories to see the pair as two halves of the same fruitcake.

Despite his local difficulties with Army wives and his ticking off from Baroness Thatcher for failing to attend the Somme commemoration, Portillo really would have something to celebrate this week if he could risk another raucous party in Whitehall. The Portillo revival is underway, and greatly aided by the emergence of a new force in Conservative politics — the revitalised National Union.

Once just a committee of amiable, tweedy boobies from the shires, the NU executive under its new boss, Robin Hodgson, is thumping tables all round central office, demanding the sacking of useless ministers and proposing a new scheme to give party activists a say in choosing the next leader. Portillo is inexplicably popular at local association level and would be the chief beneficiary of any widening of the franchise — so long as Redwood keeps up his hectic social round.

'Urquhart'

"NEW" Labour's glitzy manifesto launch was presented to party members on a take it or leave it basis, is causing further problems in the "old" Labour bastions — the Celtic heartlands.

The new, revised policy on devolution strangely absent from "new" Labour's smart-card of its top five "priority" commitments.

Meanwhile, anti-devolutionists in Wales such as leftie Llew Smith MP and the recently knighted former whip, Sir Ray Powell, are cock-a-hoop at "new" Labour's about turn on devolution. For Powell, this all amounts to a vindication. Last year he was carpeted by the Labour leader and deprived of his pairing arrangement for demanding — yes, you've guessed it — a referendum on devolution for Wales!

At a stormy meeting last week between the "dear leader" and Welsh backbenchers, Blair's quick step abandonment of most that the comrades hold dear was rounded on by such renowned lefties as Ted Rowlands and Denzil Davies, while Ann Clwyd informed him that she agreed with everything contained in rebel backbencher Paul Flynn's recent outburst.

GOOD to see that the obligation to declare outside income has not cramped the style of our hard-working MPs.

Last week, for example, a champagne reception was held on the House of Commons terrace by British Airports Authority plc as part of its lobbying campaign for a new fifth terminal at Heathrow.

MPs, hacks and civil servants were thus forced to drink a lot of chilled champagne (*"lobbied", shurely?*) by Sir John Egan, chief executive of BAA, and by Brian Smith, the chairman. They were getting their money's worth out of Jack Aspinwall, Conservative MP for Wansdyke. He sponsored the event and is a consultant to BAA plc on a retainer of between £15,000 and £20,000 a year.

THE rightwing think tank, the Adam Smith Institute, has come up with a brand new idea for the future: privatise state pensions.

Its experts take their cue from the Centre for Policy Studies, which launched a campaign soon after the 1983 general election to, well, get people out of state pensions (and occupational ones, too) and into good old private ones.

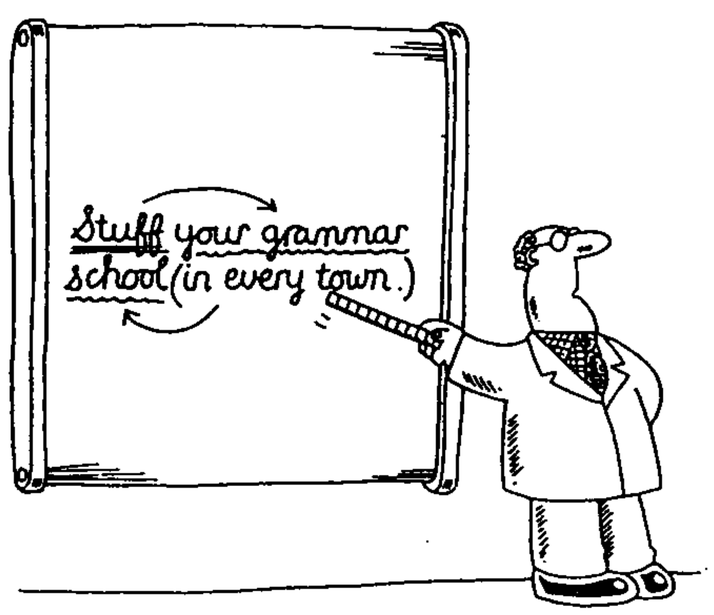
That campaign soon inspired Tory ministers especially Norman Fowler and John Major department of social security. They piloted a new law through the Commons to bribe people to opt out of the state scheme and encourage them out of occupational schemes.

The result was an unmitigated disaster in which about three million people were swindled into schemes which left them worse off than they were before. Many are now claiming compensation. Bring on the Adam Smith Institute...

HAVING finally put down his marker and announced that he was going to seek selection as the Labour candidate for Manchester Wythenshawe where sitting MP Alf Morris is stepping down, former Tory MP Alan Howarth is running into a little local difficulty.

With the Wythenshawe selection meeting due on 25 July, his chances are not looking rosy. But salvation may yet be at hand for the roving renegade — thanks to the venerable but ancient Robert Sheldon, who is rumoured to be on the verge of announcing his retirement from politics.

The 73-year-old chairman of the influential Commons public accounts committee (PAC) may yet be persuaded to leave his announcement to the last possible moment before the general election. That way, Alan Howarth can be imposed upon Sheldon's Ashton-under-Lyne constituency without having to undergo the rigmarole of running the gauntlet at selection meetings.



"...adjectival phrase qualifying direct object of imperative 'stuff'..."

A PRESS release arrives from our old chum Peter Carter-Fuck boasting that his client, John Kennedy, the prospective Tory candidate for Halesowen, is suing Labour MP Brian Wilson for libel. In an accompanying statement, Kennedy says it is "outrageous" to suggest that he has a record of association with "indicted war criminals".

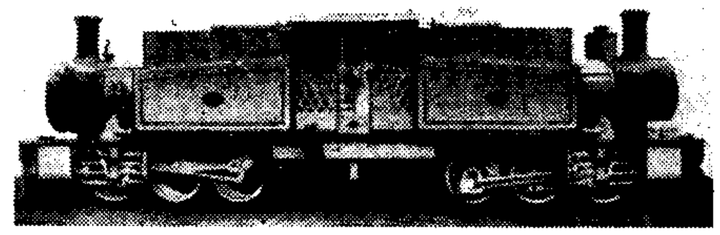
So is John Kennedy, aka Jovan Gvozdenovic, also going to sue the respected author and academic Mark Almond? For on page 277 of the second edition of Almond's book *Europe's Backyard War* (1994), he accuses Gvozdenovic/Kennedy of being a lobbyist on behalf of the Bosnian Serbs, and a very effective one.

Kennedy was formerly secretary of the Conservative Committee on Eastern Europe — whose chairman, Henry Bellingham MP, was PPS to Malcolm Rifkind at the time. The nationalist Serb magazine *Intervju* drew extraordinary comfort from the fact that Bellingham was in the corridors of power, and was also most flattering about Kennedy.

Perhaps *Intervju* will be receiving a writ from Carter-Fuck as well.

APOLOGY

BOB AINSWORTH, Labour MP for Coventry North East, is rightly rather annoyed at being described in the last *Eye* as a Tory MP paid by Warburgs. He is neither. *Peter* Ainsworth (Tory MP for East Surrey) is both.



SIGNAL FAILURES

OF ALL the private firms in Britain, Railtrack must be the only one which effectively charges for quotes.

Scottish local authorities are getting exasperated at its demands for cash up-front for preliminary work on a scheme which would see millions of pounds of council money used to upgrade the Aberdeen to Inverness line (owner: Railtrack plc). Meanwhile, Oxfordshire county council wants to pay for a new station at Grove and develop a local service over the tracks between Swindon and Oxford (owner: Railtrack plc) — so Railtrack has demanded £1,000 to assess whether such a service could be run.

"If you go to any consultant you'll find that's a reasonable price," Railtrack told the *Eye*.

But Railtrack is not a consultancy: it is a firm that stands to gain from increased use of many of its railways and a firm that recently announced profits of £190 million. It is also a firm that wouldn't take too kindly to being charged for quotes by the sub-contractors who bid for Railtrack's engineering and maintenance contracts.

BR used to conduct feasibility studies for local authorities free of charge because it regarded the outlay as a sprat to catch a mackerel. Now that a bunch of tight-wads control the entire rail infrastructure, it is not surprising that fewer stations are being built this year than for the past 15 years, and that traffic congestion on the roads continues to increase.

THE latest benefit to passengers of the privatised railway is a shorter time-limit on compensation claims for delayed journeys.

New rules state that claims must be lodged at booking offices within two days of any delayed journey. This makes claim-making difficult or impossible for many travellers — particularly those who finish journeys at unstaffed stations or who take the train to an airport, port or Eurostar station and then leave the country.

Commercialism will force the railways to behave like other firms, we are told; and yet the quality guarantees on chocolate bars or boxes of cereal never mention time-limits for refunds on unsatisfactory goods. For all its faults, BR never imposed a time-limit and its discretionary refunds were normally more generous than the 10 percent of the fare currently stipulated.

The time limit is ostensibly to minimise fraud by claims being submitted a long time after the journeys in question; but that does not explain why the limit is two days rather than 14 or 21. More likely is that after two days it becomes more difficult for the train operators to check whether the trains cited in claims did in fact run late — in which case the time-limit is a result of train operators being too stingy or too lazy to deliver a customer-friendly service that existed before privatisation.

'Dr B. Ching'

MORE on EDS, the American computer giant with a myriad government contracts.

The last *Eye* reported how a father had found that data was still held on him in the Child Support Agency's computer files (run by EDS) a full 18 months after his case was closed. Now, a parliamentary question by Liberal Democrat MP Liz Lynne has provoked an interesting response from the CSA's deputy chief executive, Steve Heminsley.

He says that under the data protection act the CSA "is empowered to retain information for as long as there is a business need". But he also writes: "At present all closed cases are retained on the CSCS [Child Support Computer System]" although "a programme to introduce archiving and weeding of data has begun".

He saves the real surprise until the penultimate paragraph when he announces that the CSA has a "total 3.8 million person records on the file. These personal records include records of children".

'Backbiter'

NOOKS and CORNERS

STAFFORDSHIRE General Infirmary was one of the earliest hospitals in England designed for the sick poor. The first buildings, erected in 1769-72, were designed by Benjamin Wyatt of Weeford, a member of that distinguished dynasty of architects which descends to the present Voice of Reason, My Lord Wyatt of Y-Fronts.

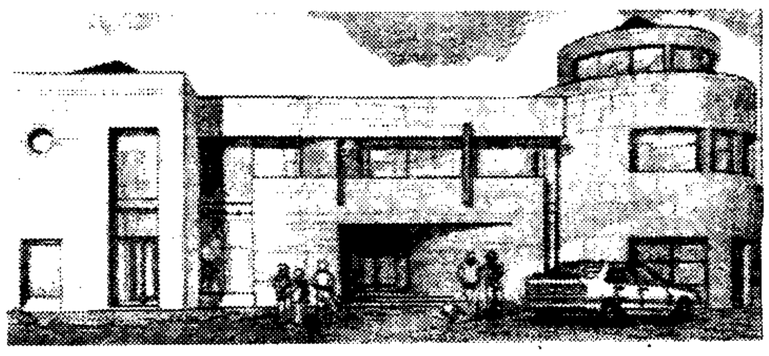
The hospital was used by Dr William Withering, "the English Linnaeus", who discovered digitalis. Another occupant was the Physician Extraordinary, Erasmus Darwin, father of Charles. Much survives of these "plain and useful" Georgian buildings, which represent the best aspects of the 18th century Enlightenment; but today they are concealed by the long and dignified range along Foregate Street in the "Wrennaissance" manner built in 1892-97 and designed by Sir Aston Webb, architect of the Victoria Memorial and the pre-Libeskind Victoria & Albert Museum in London.

All this, you might suppose, would make the Staffordshire General Infirmary well worth protecting on the statutory lists of buildings of architectural and historical importance. Both Staffordshire county council and Stafford borough council would like this to happen. But no: the department of national heritage considers that it is not of sufficient special interest. This follows consultation with English Heritage, whose final lukewarm advice suggests irresistibly strong advice from higher up. Why should the government not want the hospital to be listed? Because it is a development opportunity, of course.

The old hospital lies conveniently close to the centre of Stafford. Owned by the West Midlands regional health authority, it was leased to the Mid Staffordshire General Hospitals NHS Trust, which finally moved out to a new hospital site. So the old hospital joins the immense number of public buildings — asylums, libraries, arsenals, schools: anything that matters, in fact — which the government considers to be mere assets worth flogging off to the private sector to raise some cash. In Stafford it joins St George's Hospital, yet another mental asylum, of 1818, which is also empty and redundant; but this, tiresomely, is listed grade II.

What developers want of course is a nice cleared site, and listing tends to militate against that. The health authority is all set to sell the Staffordshire General Hospital to Messrs Madford Developments of Berkshire, which plans to build 65,000 square feet of shops on the site, accompanied by 260 parking spaces. Madford Developments declines to say if it will preserve the facades of the hospital as the borough council would like.

Such is the sorry state of local government; such is the official perversion of the system for protecting our historic buildings; such is the Conservative vision for Britain: a land covered by supermarkets and car parks and new private housing estates with absolutely nothing left in public ownership. The MP for Stafford is Mr Bill Cash (Con).



MY pictures show No 31 Barnton Avenue, Edinburgh, before and after — if some bold patrons of exciting new architecture have their way.

For Colin and Margaret McLean, who have made a bomb in "financial services", the half-million pound Edwardian house they have bought in the city's "Millionaires' Row" is simply not good enough. So, after approaching eight architects, they have asked the Holmes Partnership to replace it with a sort of streamlined Art Deco, stone-clad, plutocrat's palace with hints of Richard Meier and Jim Stirling. This will cost £700,000 to build.

What can one possibly say to counter this smug, Thatcherite selfishness? The old No31 is a decent Arts & Crafts house of 1906 designed by J. Gunn, but it is not listed and perhaps it is not the job of the planning authorities to suggest to Mr and Mrs McLean that they could consider buying an empty site elsewhere to build their dream home for the millennium. But it is a mistake to think that conservation is just about aesthetics and sentiment, for it should also be about the intelligent and socially acceptable use of finite resources.

'Piloti'

SPORTS NEWS

THE Olympic season opened with a not very sporting outburst of obscenity from Linford Christie. It was aimed at startled hacks attending the Olympic trials in Birmingham.

"You're shit," Christie told Steve Downes, who has frequently reported Christie's brushes with anti-doping officials. "You just write shit."

That was on the Saturday. The following day, after the *Observer* had published an extract from a new book by Downes and the *Guardian*'s Duncan Mackay, Christie announced that he would give his first press conference of the year.

The Downes-Mackay book claims that Christie narrowly escaped disgrace at the Seoul Games in 1988. He was apparently summoned before the International Olympic Committee's medical commission after a banned stimulant turned up in his urine sample. British Olympic Association official Robert Watson is quoted in the book describing the commission's judgement: "Eleven vote for Christie, ten against and two were asleep."

After the extract's publication, Christie marched into the Birmingham press room and demanded that Mackay leave before he would speak. Mackay and Downes walked out leaving the rest of the hacks to lap up Christie's every word. Last year he published his autobiography, *To Be Honest With You*.

THE PYSCHOLGY OF INCOMPTENCE
11 June SpeakEasy Evening at the RSA in London
The Psychologist

Like the animals, we ingest food through the mouth. But the human mouth has another significance. It is the aperture from which the spirit emerges in the form of speech. The mouth opens and closes according to our will; it is with the mouth that we scowl, kiss or smile, and "smiles from reason flow, and are of love the food", as Milton put it.

The mouth is second only to the eyes as the visible sign of a person's character. Our way of presenting the mouth is therefore of the greatest concern to us. That is why we shield the mouth when we yawn in public, lest the chasm of our being should open to another's perception. The mouth is a threshold, and the passage across it a social drama — a movement from outer to inner, and from object to subject.

ROGER SCRUTON
The Times

Each garden is an intensely personal expression of fantasy and delight achieved through manipulating the natural world. Our present garden, Laskett, is always first and foremost the portrait of a marriage, for each part sings of two people sharing a vision and a passion. It is, too, a garden of remembrance, not in any maudlin sense but in the rich one of memory in terms of people and places.

Events in our lives are celebrated in the names bestowed in its different parts; there are recollections of people in plants, such as the catalpa tree given by Patrick Plunket, the aconites that arrived one day from Charlotte Bonham-Carter or the flame-coloured tulips from Arabella Lennox-Boyd. Everywhere I look there are friends and also drama, for it is a garden of surprises, mysterious and marvellous. It is an enclosed, inward-looking, hermetic domain and that is how we wish it to be. Each season brings not only spectacle but solace, a healing hand bestowed. How lucky I am to be able to "walk and work" each day through such a perfect paradise.

SIR ROY STRONG
New Statesman

Pseuds Corner

"I'm interested in ideas of beauty... and elephant dung in itself is quite a beautiful object. But a different sort of beauty. And I want to bring the kind of beauty and decorativeness of the paintings together with the apparent concept of ugliness of the shit and put them together and try and make them exist..."

Chris Ofili began sticking elephant dung in his painting after spending six weeks in Zimbabwe on a British Council scholarship. He also uses lumps of dung to prop up some of his paintings. He explains: "Somehow it makes the painting feel more relaxed, instead of being pinned on the wall like it's being crucified." He has placed dung in a paper bag for *Bag of Shit* and, in 1993, held a Shit Sale in Brick Lane Market in London.

British Art Show flyer

YOUNG BODHISATTVA WOMAN respond to Sean: virtuoso African xylophone player, saxophonist and shamanic painter. Currently starting trio with sitar and tabla. 28, Icelandic Celt, telepathic, cook. Telephone: 0660 691132.

Time Out

I have travelled the world searching for something in which to believe. My spiritual journey has involved working with Californian New Age teachers; studying with Indian and Tibetan holy women and men; being healed by Native American shamans; trance dancing to African drums; visiting sacred Celtic sites; delving into my Jewish roots; studying the power of Kundalini energy and sacred tantric love-making; learning the power of silence; and going inward and celebrating the return of the Goddess through connection with Mother Earth.

LYNNE FRANKS
The Times

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£10 paid for entries

EYE TV

Savannah (ITV)
American Gothic (C4)

IN THE seventies American soap operas were about money and sex: *Dallas* and *Dynasty* and their spin-offs, *Knot's Landing* and *The Colbys*. In the nineties, American soap operas are about weirdness and fear. Discuss.

Savannah — an obvious generic cousin of *Dallas* and *Dynasty* — is a case in point. Like *Dallas*, it is set in the American South, in Savannah, Georgia. But, where LA-based executives were drawn to the Texas city for its modernity — oil and money — they have been drawn to the Georgian one for its antiquity: riverboat gambling, ante-bellum mansions, aura of spookiness.

Savannah became famous three years ago because of John Berendt's multi-million-selling American blockbuster *Midnight In The Garden of Good And Evil*, a non-fiction account of a murder trial in a community steeped in aristocracy and necromancy. It was the book that even semi-literate telly execs took on vacation, so it was inevitable that the location would catch their eye.

You can tell Berendt's book eventually reached even the finger-along-the-line guys because the producer of *Savannah* is Aaron Spelling, a man whose productions — from *Dynasty* to *Beverly Hills 90210* — established him as someone who probably thinks literacy is a disease in which the sufferer compulsively drops, er, garbage.

His *Savannah* centres on three rich young women: Lane, Peyton and Reese. The latter has married the local handsome bad lad, Travis Bunker Peterson, who is found murdered in episode two. This is difficult for Lane who, using the assumed name Bunny, has had sex with Travis, a transaction captured on the secret video camera in his bedroom.

Actresses in Spelling series have a trademark expression. After delivering a line they keep their mouth slightly open. This serves two purposes. It leaves them well positioned for the "Oh, my God!"-expression which is the main requirement of women characters in Spelling plots; and it gives male viewers a useful subliminal reminder of the girls in the chocolate bar commercials who are such a key artistic influence on Spelling's work and casting.

The main interest of the series is that Spelling, a great barometer of American viewer taste, seems to have decided that glamour is out and spookiness is in. Of course, *The X-Files* has been doing spooky for two years now to hugely lucrative effect, but the point in *Savannah* is that this is domestic, parochial weird rather than political or inter-galactic. The influence of David Lynch's *Twin Peaks* has finally reached even mainstream soap opera.

The same is true of **American Gothic**, Channel 4's latest American import. Set in the fictional South Carolina town of Trinity, it also features a murder investigation in a peculiar community. In last week's episode, there was an open homage to Lynch's series, when a man on stilts walked past in the background of a shot.

The conceit in *American Gothic* is that local power is in the hands of young and charismatic Sheriff Lucas Buck (Gary Cole). He is evil and may even have telekinetic powers and it is gradually becoming apparent that he was involved beyond the duties of a law officer in a number of past homicides. A fearless female journalist is on his trail.

Unlike *Savannah*, *American Gothic* is literate and stylish. So many scenes are deliberately creepy — such as one in which the faces of black garden ornaments are painted white in line with modern thinking — that even a casual line from a hostess like "Thin mint?" takes on a Mamet-like menace. There is such a tangible sense of witchcraft in the air that this series too feels like part of the fall-out from John Berendt's book.

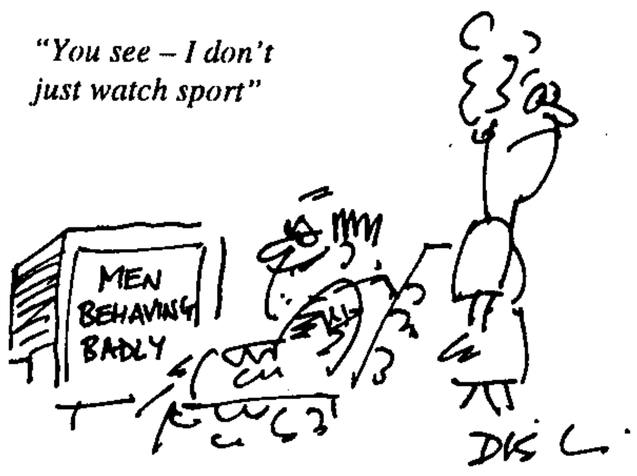
Both *Savannah* and *American Gothic* represent the current trend in American television — of which *Murder One* is also part — for continuous narratives spread over dozens of episodes rather than plots evolved and resolved within one or two shows in the style of *Dynasty* and *Dallas* and the series of the 70s. This trick is an attempt — in the zillion-channel structure of American TV — to encourage weekly loyalty towards serials rather than "grazing" or "sampling".

American drama is heavily in fashion in British culture at the moment. The *New Statesman* recently ran a long and pompous essay to this effect. Even the eyeorish reviewer of the *Sunday Telegraph* recently murmured that "the best entertainment is American, as per usual", citing *Murder One* and *American Gothic* as examples.

There is an agenda behind much of such criticism: an attempt to suggest that you really don't need the licence fee or regulation if marketled American TV can produce stuff like this. Well, be careful. Shows like *Murder One* and *American Gothic* are generally produced by talents who suffer creative envy of British television's structures. Their shows are occasional guilt-gifts to the creative side of the networks from the money side. *Murder One* and *American Gothic* were both ratings flops in America and received their critical acclaim here. Of the shows featured in this piece, *Savannah* was the one surefire hit. Such stuff remains the flagship of American TV, the rest just small and struggling lifeboats.

'Square Eyes'

"You see – I don't just watch sport"



MEDIA NEWS

THREE cheers for Bruce Gyngell's moral stand against porn on television. Presumably this cannot be the same Bruce Gyngell whose executives recently issued the following brief for a presenter on his regional series *Tonight*: "Find a blonde with hot pants so tight they cut her fanny in half."

A LIST of unacceptable swear-words issued recently by the Broadcasting Standards Council also included a guide to gestures which viewers might find offensive: "two fingers up; one finger up; wanker; fist on bicep."

This has caused some puzzlement at London Weekend Television, where the station's "compliance officer" Rowan O'Sullivan sent an urgent memo to senior colleagues (Melvyn Bragg *et al*) asking "what the fist on bicep gesture means".

Nobody seemed to know. But it is gratifying to see that LWT is treating this matter with the seriousness it merits. Simon Bucks, head of programmes, has circulated the BSC's obscenity guide to all his staff, with a brief covering note: "For fuck's sake, make sure you read this."

TONY "Head Prefect" Hall, owlish man in a suit who is now "chief executive" of BBC News, has been pontificating at length again in the broadsheets about his vision of the future.

The dynamic young executive has come up with a brilliant new idea — news programmes "set in a real-life newsroom, with the coming and going of reporters in the background, to loosen up the atmosphere".

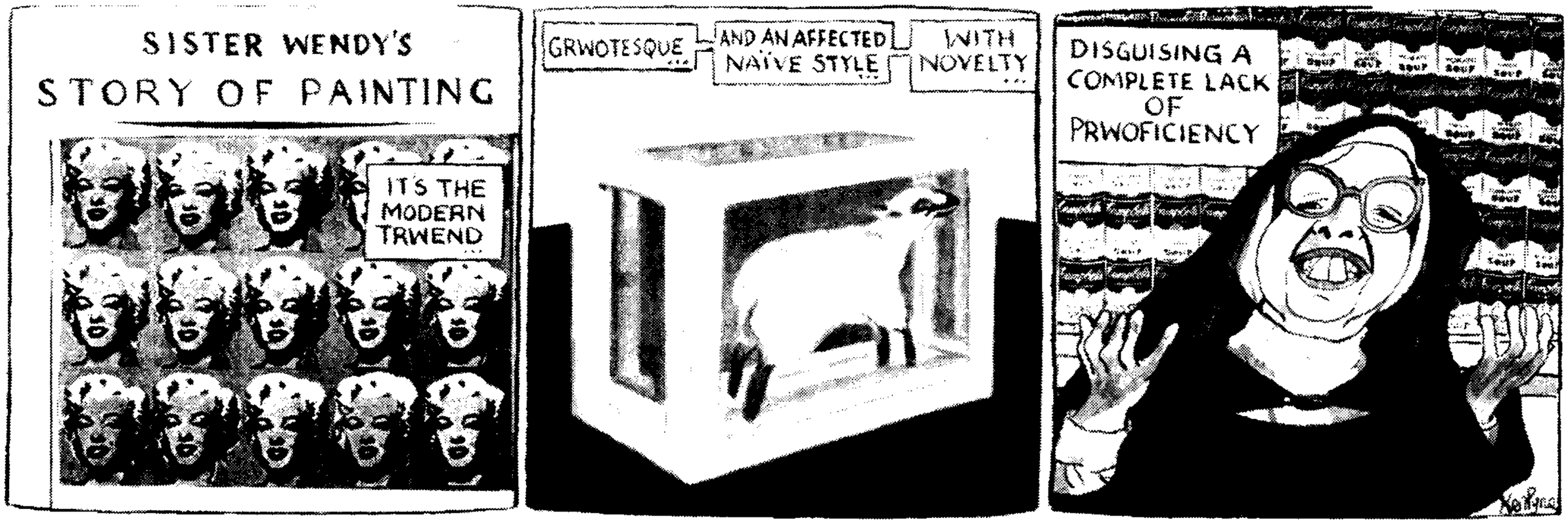
Bemused hacks at TV Centre recall that Hall was in charge of the BBC's Television News when newsreaders appeared in front of just such a "real life newsroom" background in the late 1980s. Hall instructed one of his minions, mournful designer-stubbled Peter Bell, to tell the coming and going reporters and newsroom hacks to stop moving about during the *Nine O'Clock News* because it "distracted the viewers".

Eventually the newsroom setting was dropped altogether. Now Hall proposes to revive it as his brilliant new plan for "bringing in a younger audience".

ONE victim of the baffling Birtian reorganisation of the BBC is deputy director-general Bob Phillis. His once-proud empire has shrunk to the size of a small offshore island, otherwise known as BBC Worldwide, the corporation's commercial arm.

However, Phillis still has one friend — his skiing buddy Simon Olswang, of the well-known firm of media solicitors, Olswangs. The firm handles a great deal of BBC Worldwide's business — a million pounds' worth last year.

There is of course no suggestion of a conflict of interest. And those disloyal colleagues at the BBC who are suggesting the contrary should refer the matter to the BBC's internal committee on relationships with outside suppliers, the so-called "Cadbury compliance committee". Its chairman is Bob Phillis.



THE BBC's splendid "internal market" is working so well that it was cheaper last week for a dozen managers from newsgathering, based in London, to travel down to a hotel in Brighton for two days of "brainstorming the changes" rather than to book a room in Television Centre or Broadcasting House.

Why? Because hiring a room from their own employer would have cost too much. Well done, John Birt.

LONDON radio listeners tuning to 1152MW will be shocked to hear that "LBC is back for 96". LBC was forced to close in 1994 by the Radio Authority, which gave its licence instead to the supposedly fresh London Newstalk.

Unfortunately, listeners found Newstalk so pisspoor that LBC has risen from the dead with the same presenters and jingles and Newstalk remains on FM as a news and info service only. Oddly, however, the Radio Authority says the licence is still held by Newstalk, which has simply changed its name.

Nor is the licensing body worried that the station is pretending to be the old LBC, even though it deemed the LBC format unfit for broadcast. So long as the station churns out discussions and phone-ins as promised, the authority has no jurisdiction over the change anyway. This loophole means that once a licence is obtained anyone can theoretically take it over as long as they stick roughly to the agreed format — making a complete nonsense of the licensing procedure.

"Mr Birt denied reports of further cut-backs in the BBC World Service"

MORE on the new head of drama at BBC Wales, the hugely popular Karl Francis.

Most staff now refer to the maverick poacher turned gamekeeper as "General Kurtz" of *Apocalypse Now!* fame. Why? Because "He's mad, he's bald and he's out of control".

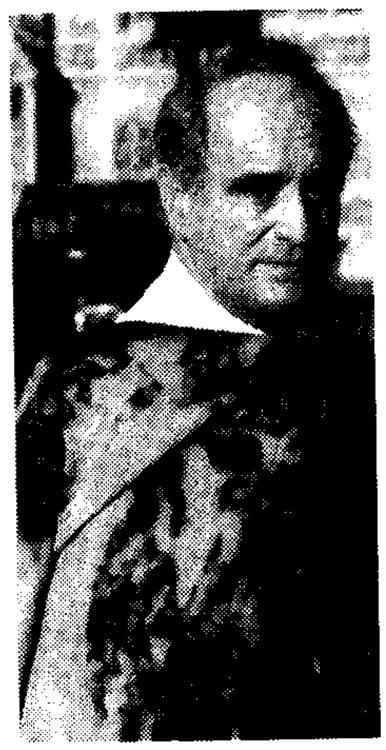
He has certainly rubbished and binned every project that was not personally commissioned by him. This may be something of a mad cow tactic as most of the work was commissioned by his predecessor, Ruth Caleb, who is now acting head of drama at TV Centre and is his immediate boss. What Kurtz *has* put up to the network, however, are two scripts written by... his daughter.

HOW THEY ARE RELATED

BBC2's *Homefront* series is certainly living up to its name. As the *Eye* revealed recently, it has been cheerfully plugging Jocasta Innes and her company Paint Magic without mentioning that she happens to be the mother of Daisy Goodwin, the editor of *Homefront*.

Now it transpires that there is to be a book of the series, written by one Stuart Walton — who has also popped up in the TV programmes from time to time. And who is Stuart Walton? By an amazing coincidence he is Jocasta Innes's business partner in that ever-popular company, Paint Magic!

FLAKWATCH: BRIAN MAWHINNEY MP



WHEN Brian Mawhinney replaced the accident-prone Jeremy "Gaffer" Hanley as Tory party chairman, exactly a year ago, he was hailed as the man who would win the election for the Conservatives.

Newspaper profiles praised his "political guile", his "sure touch" and, inevitably, his "safe pair of hands". "The prime minister has sent Dr Mawhinney in to bat," Alan Duncan MP gushed, "and he's hitting sixes!"

Here are some of the highlights of his epic innings:

August 1995: In an article for the *Sun*, Mawhinney mocks Coventry council for introducing "gender awareness" classes for three-year-olds. The story turns out to be a complete fabrication. Mawhinney also compares the debt burden of Algeria with that of Labour-run Newcastle city council; Conservative central office then has to issue a correction, admitting that his figures were "inaccurate". A few days later, an embarrassed Mawhinney confirms that he is joining the "chicken run" — deserting his marginal Peterborough constituency for the safer seat of Cambridgeshire North West.

September: News of a "turf war" between Mawhinney and Michael Heseltine. Senior party sources admit that "increasing tension between the two figureheads is beginning to cause embarrassment and some alarm".

October: Mawhinney professes himself "totally relaxed" about the PR disaster caused by Alan Howarth's defection. He claims that Tory party membership is already up to 750,000, and new recruits are joining all the time. When the Conservative Bow Group suggests that the true membership figure is less than half that size, the chairman angrily says he can't be bothered with "a lengthy analysis of historical trends of membership". In his party conference speech, Mawhinney jeers at "loony left" Camden council for funding the Hopscotch Asian Women's Centre. It swiftly emerges that the centre, which has nothing to do with the game of hopscotch, is financed by the home office to teach literacy skills to Bangladeshi women.

November: Hugh Colver, the Tory party's communications director, storms out of his job accusing Mawhinney of a "siege mentality" and warning of a descent into "gutter politics". In another great PR coup, Mawhinney briefs journalists on the eve of the Queen's Speech, breaking the long-established convention that it should remain confidential until delivered. On the day of the speech itself, Mawhinney is pelted with orange paint on his way to the state opening of parliament.

December: The *Daily Telegraph* apologises for running an entirely untrue story about a speech by the Lord Chancellor, but points out that the non-existent "speech" was leaked to the paper by Mawhinney's press officer, Sheila Gunn. More embarrassment is caused by the discovery that Mawhinney's office has also briefed the press, quite improperly, on confidential details of a home office immigration case.

February: Mawhinney is forced to apologise yet again after claiming that the theatre director Dr Jonathan Miller is a great supporter of the House of Lords. It transpires that he has confused him with another Jonathan Miller, an obscure hack on the *Sunday Times*.

April: The chairman of Mawhinney's constituency party in Peterborough is obliged to resign after an investigation into "membership irregularities". Meanwhile, Mawhinney himself sabotages the launch of the Tories' local election campaign with a volcanic eruption on the *Today* programme. "Let's stay in the real world, shall we?" he yells, after Sue McGregor reminds him that the Tories dumped Mrs Thatcher when she became unpopular. "If you think I'm annoyed with you it is because it is that kind of smeary question by *Today* presenters which so annoys people..." Hundreds of Radio 4 listeners ring in to complain about his unpleasant histrionics.

Later, Mawhinney unveils a new "feelgood" Tory newspaper, *Look!*, packed with upbeat news about pro-Conservative celebrities. Alas! Several of the people featured in the paper — including businessman Shearer Sellers and ballerina Darcy Bussell — promptly object, pointing out that they aren't Tory supporters at all. Mawhinney, John Gummer and Michael Heseltine then pose in front of their latest propaganda stunt — thousands of tins of baked beans, which are apparently meant to represent Labour and the Lib Dems. Unfortunately, nobody can understand the symbolism. The month ends with the news that Labour MP Tom Clarke is demanding "substantial damages" from Mawhinney for allegedly libellous claims in a central office smear-document describing "Labour's Un-American Activities".

May: Following a catastrophic Tory performance in the local elections, Mawhinney is reported to be "so depressed" that he wants to quit as chairman. But John Major refuses to let him go, since no one else is willing to take on the job.

June: According to "sources close to Brian Mawhinney", the party chairman thinks Gillian Shephard has let Labour off the hook over its education policies. She angrily confronts him after a cabinet committee meeting and warns him that she is "sick and tired" of these anonymous stories.

July: The Tories' brilliant new advertising campaign ("Yes it hurt. Yes it worked"), launched by Mawhinney only a few weeks earlier with a great fanfare, is withdrawn having been a total failure. Never mind: advertising genius Maurice Saatchi has come up with another slogan — New Labour, New Danger. To ram the point home, Mawhinney and Heseltine publish their "humorous" spoof Labour manifesto, *The Road to Ruin*. Nobody laughs. Even the usually sober Peter Riddell, of the *Times*, accuses the desperate duo of "making fools of themselves" by producing such "cringe-making drivel".

Er, back to the drawing-board...

WATERWORLD

SHAREHOLDERS gathering in Harrogate on 25 July for Yorkshire Water's AGM will not be pleased to hear that a man they thought they had got rid of is still working for the company.

Chief executive Trevor "no baths for three months" Newton officially took early retirement in March when the company made a great play of its new broom policy following last year's drought debacle. Now the company has admitted that although the great unwashed one stepped down from the board, he is continuing to carry out unspecified duties as an employee.

Maybe he'll be serving drinks at the AGM — bottled Yorkshire water, perhaps, while stocks last...

Another man who hasn't gone completely is **South West Water**'s fat cat managing director Bill Fraser, who hurriedly resigned from his £217,000 a year job (well, he did do a two-day week) after the embarrassing outbreak of the cryptosporidium virus in the water supply.

SWW was criticised by the monopolies and mergers commission for not passing on consumers' money to upgrade sewerage works, and was also criticised over three water treatment works where cryptosporidium could occur again because remedial work had not been carried out.

After his resignation most assumed Fraser had disappeared from the scene — in fact he was still working at South West Water as a consultant.

Now the company's annual report has announced that the disgraced Fraser is to receive a third of a million pound pay-off for his trouble. Ofwat, which regulates SWW and its highest water bills in the country, had nothing to say on the vast pay-off. The regulator bravely pointed out instead that Ofwat is not there to regulate salaries.

DOING THE ROUNDS

IN THE late 1980s an additional hospital was planned for the underfunded area of Norwich and North Norfolk. After much debate, a site was chosen to the south of the city, subject to planning permission from South Norfolk District Council.

Nothing was heard until 24 June 1996 when the district council granted planning permission for the *new hospital* to replace, not add to, the two existing city centre sites — thus reducing the total beds available from 1,200 to 700, and relocating the only hospital for the Greater Norwich area to a green field site four miles away, adjacent to a BUPA hospital.

The £174 million development, funded by Octagon health under the government's private finance initiative, will wreck an environmentally important river valley, generate excessive commuter traffic and remove jobs from an inner city site.

Local opposition has been forceful, but has not been supported by the local Labour party or city council which, in Blairite fashion, have not wished to be seen as too radical. Environment minister John Gummer has flouted his own policy on out-of-town development by refusing to intervene and order an inquiry after heavy lobbying from former transport minister and South Norfolk MP John MacGregor. Doubtless he has his own ideas as to how inner city dwellers will gain access to the distant hospital...

The more geographically and financially sensible option of redeveloping the existing city sites has not been considered. Indeed, the brief of South Norfolk chief planning officer Michael Haslam was "to do everything possible to secure the approval of the hospital on the (new) Colvey site". Liberal Democrat controlled South Norfolk council duly shepherded the proposal through, contravening their own party's policy on such developments.

● Mr T O'CONNOR, chairman of **Tees health**, has been delighting GPs in **Cleveland** with his address to the local medical committee.

His Listening Process exercise uncovered "low morale amongst GPs and primary healthcare teams, great difficulty in attracting new GPs to the area, the huge workload of administration and health promotion and an extra burden of the shift of work from hospitals without the requisite resources. The overall impression was that you (GPs) are demoralised, feeling under-valued and under-resourced."

As for solutions... "I am always amazed that everyone who walks through the door is directed towards GPs" — perhaps that's because it's a doctors' surgery. The trick with patients, it appears, is "not always giving them what they want" — easier said than done in a consumerist health service, where staff are increasingly sued and assaulted. "We all want GPs who are professionally challenged. No one can deal with the low morale issue other than yourselves." As one GP responded: "We are all pissed off here as much as anywhere else — crap resources, crap hospitals and patients who have been misled by the government that they can have a first class service on third world resources."

● ROSEMARY ALEXANDER, a GP in **Hatch End, Middlesex**, is enjoying the administrative side of her job. "Today is Friday 28 June and I am writing this at 5am, having just woken from a nightmare. Last night I had a bonfire and burnt nearly all the forms in my practice, as from 1 July they are invalid. I haven't received any replacements yet but am assured they are forthcoming. The old item of service forms signed by the patients (to certify treatment has been received) are being replaced by a multipurpose form that requires no signature; like fundholding, this is a blueprint for corruption. To top it all, details for calculating staff salaries have been amended as follows. 'W/T Equivalent Contracted Hours is the full-time equivalent of regular hours of staff in post on the last day of the quarter. To calculate this figure take the total standard weekly hours for staff working less than 37 hours per week and divide by 37.5 for Practice Nurses and 36 for Admin and Clerical staff., add onto this the total number of staff who work 37 hours per week or more'."

● **WORTHING and Southlands health trust**, facing £3 million debts, is to close ward 2 at **Worthing hospital**. This ward is used for emergency surgical admissions and even without the closure, the "lying on a trolley waiting for a bed" count at Worthing is high. The surgeons themselves have described the proposed closure as unacceptable but have been overruled by the trust's medical director, Dr Linda Rockall. Where Dr Rockall expects to relocate emergency admissions is unclear.

"Turned out risky again"

● THE capital's **UCLH** has set its health authority contract at the same level of activity as for last year. As the number of urgent admissions rises ever upwards, this is bad news for those needing non-urgent treatment. They will have to wait even longer than last year.

Urgent treatment will apparently not be affected, though it remains to be seen if managers' and doctors' definitions of "urgent" concur. Those Islington residents who no longer have access to **Bart's** may have nearly as much difficulty getting into UCLH.

UCLH also looks set to forego its ear, nose and throat service. Loss of contracts has meant that the ENT department has lost recognition for training junior doctors. Part of the service may relocate to the **Royal National Throat, Nose and Ear hospital**, although the latter may soon be swallowed up by the **Royal Free** in Hampstead. Whatever the outcome, UCLH may be left without an emergency ENT service in casualty and speech and language therapy for inpatients.

M.D.

DOWN ON THE FARM

WITH the beef industry in terminal decline it is a measure of his crass ineptitude, unrelieved stupidity and total detachment from the real world that the co-author of the biggest crisis ever to affect British farming, agriculture minister Douglas Hogg, was able to say at the Royal Show that the UK had "turned the corner" in the beef crisis.

It is a measure of how much the years of feather-bedding have turned the stout, yeoman farmers of yore into gutless, inadequate supplicants that Hogg managed to spout such nonsense and was not lynched on the spot.

But if the farmers did not do the decent thing, one only has to look at their leaders in the National Farmers Union to see why. Since the BSE crisis started, president Sir David Naish KGB has done nothing but utter emollient phrases and stress the need for "quiet diplomacy", clamping down on plans to demonstrate in Whitehall.

For sheer two-faced brass, however, nothing can compare with Ben Gill, deputy vice-president, who spoke at a public hearing of the European Union's parliament environmental and agriculture committees in Brussels at the end of June. Before his speech, Gill was heard privately declaiming the extraordinarily naff plans of the UK to destroy more than a million perfectly healthy cattle at a cost this year of more than £750 million.

In vain, he said, the NFU had protested that the vast amount of money could be used in enterprises like the NHS. But in front of some 200 MEPs and observers, the egregious Gill paraded the UK's killing of more than a million cattle as evidence of his country's intent to get to grips with BSE. Somehow he forgot to tell the assembly that the NFU itself had bounced Hogg into starting the destruction scheme after taking fright when some 20 "leading customers" stated they would no longer sell meat from animals over 30 months — even though it had been cleared as safe to eat by the government's own scientific advisory committee.

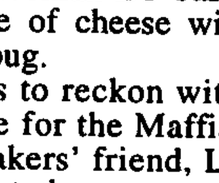
Yet, while the international gathering treated Gill's triumphalism with some coolness, he did receive warm commendation from one MEP, who thought destroying a million UK cattle was very, *very* good. That he was Irish, of course, had nothing to do with the fact that, when the beef market eventually picks up, his countrymen will be the major beneficiaries of the destruction of the UK industry.

ONE Irishman already making a killing out of the insane destruction scheme is Larry Goodman, owner of a vast food production empire which encompasses the mega slaughterhouse complex in Shrewsbury, trading under the slightly misleading name of Associated Beef Producers (ABP), a man not unconnected with certain allegations of subsidy fraud in the Irish Republic.

He was no doubt delighted by the arrival in Ireland of his md, Richard Cracknell, with news of a £1.7 million payout from the benevolent UK government, including earnings from the first two weeks of turning cattle into toxic waste.

But there is more to come. ABP is one of four slaughterhouses that will share £38 million from destroying British cattle. Another 10 will divvy out £37 million between them, including Cheale meats, owners of the notorious Canterbury Mills rendering plant in Kent, which hit the news when it was found spreading its noxious waste across the garden of England.

A further five slaughterhouses will make £7 million and the remaining £18 million of the £100 million allocated to slaughter fees is to be shared between 22 other "token" participants. This leaves 215 slaughterhouses outside the scheme. Their owners, having had their normal trade wiped out by the BSE crisis, are no doubt heartened by seeing government largesse going to such deserving causes while they slide inexorably into bankruptcy.

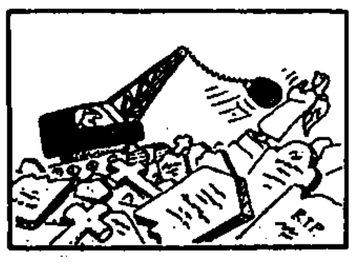


IGNORING science is fast becoming a hallmark of the detested ministry of agriculture, aka Maffia. When last year Sheriff Douglas Allan refused to condemn £54,000-worth of allegedly contaminated Lanark Blue cheese (*Eyes passim*), he was able to do so because the best scientific evidence indicated that the strain of the *Listeria monocytogenes* bug, affecting the cheese, was not harmful.

In so doing Allan rejected the opinion of government listeria guru Dr Jim McLauchlin that all strains should be regarded as potentially harmful, as lacking scientific support. Following the verdict, specialist cheesemakers — conscious of the fact that, from time to time, all traditional cheeses will be affected by Listeria — had hopes of being exempted from draconian EU-based standards which prohibit the sale of cheese with even the tiniest amounts of the bug.

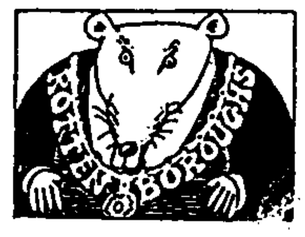
But that was to reckon without Tony Baldry, minister of state for the Maffia, who has written to the cheesemakers' friend, Lord Peyton of Yeovil, stating that the government view remains that, er... all strains of *Listeria monocytogenes* are potentially harmful to health. Unlike their craven cattle colleagues, however, some cheesemakers are promising to take on the first inspectors who try to enforce the standards, and string them up from trees.

'New Muckspreader'



THE
Rotten Borough Advertiser

Friday, 12 July 1996



NO SAINT, BERNARD

A NUMBER of councillors in notorious Knowsley are feeling twitchy following the conviction on 1 July of Bernard Donnelly for a £20,000 social security fraud.

Coun Donnelly, who was jailed for 18 months, was pictured in the *Liverpool Echo* two years ago sitting at his computer in his council house doing research for Rory Bremner's TV show. He supplied the programme with information on the perks and salaries of fat cat quangocrats. The only trouble was that Donnelly had told the department of social security (DSS) that he had left his wife and wasn't living there at all. Mrs Donnelly was sent down for nine months for making false benefit claims over an eight-year period. Presumably neither thought that SS officials read the newspapers.

Until recently Donnelly was also a researcher for George Howarth, the local MP and Labour's opposite number to Doris Karloff, aka Ann Widdecombe, the prisons minister. He'll have plenty of opportunity for research from the inside over coming months.

Another Knowsley councillor who has had his expenses and allowances file examined by the DSS is Barry Ryan. Ryan is currently helping run Ferraris nightclub for its boss, Henry Williams, who has been staying in a French jail since 17 June on suspicion of drug trafficking.

Ferraris has had its share of difficulties (*Eye* 851). Back in February 1994 Inspector Knacker noted a number of incidents, including: "Alleged assault on owner of club (Williams) at premises — denied by staff and solicitor on arrival of police. Owner believed to have received treatment at Broadgreen Hospital at 1400 hours that day for facial fractures — full details refused — six bouncers guarding him in ward — refused to speak to police."

Astonishingly, Superintendent K.A. Wilkinson of Huyton police then supported the renewal of the Ferraris licence, saying such incidents were "not exceptional and certainly not items for concern". Apparently the French gendarmerie look less favourably on Henry "H" Williams than their English counterparts.

SORRY IS THE HARDEST WORD

WHILE the loyalty of Westminster council to its own employees continues unabashed — witness the fate of former housing director Graham England, and former head of the home ownership strategy, Paul Hayler — its asbestos-contaminated housing tenants have at last received a belated "sorry".

England and Hayler, despite facing multi-million pound surcharge bills for their part in the homes-for-votes scandal, have both been given new jobs.

England, whom district auditor John Magill found guilty of conduct that was "plainly wrong", is now head of Westminster's external relations section. And Hayler, whom Magill castigated for being "recklessly indifferent" to gerrymandering, now works in a senior position in the chief executive's office.

What influence if any the pair exert on Westminster's current housing policy is perhaps best judged by examining the council's radical new draft strategy. Proposals up for discussion include the sale of a third of all remaining council houses and the abolition of the housing department.

Meanwhile, council chief executive Bill Roots has made an amazing admission on the matter of asbestos. He has written to tenants of the now-demolished tower blocks, Hermes and Chantry points, urging them to seek medical advice. "I regret that there is a risk that you and your fellow residents may contract an asbestos related disease," he writes. "I recommend that you and anyone who was resident with you in the Points during your period of occupancy make an appointment with your GP... to register in your medical records the presence of chrysotile and amosite asbestos to which you may have been exposed."

Then — shock horror — Roots apologises. "I wish to apologise most sincerely to you on behalf of the city council." It's the first time since the *Eye* began covering the Hermes/Chantry Point asbestos scandal that Westminster has come clean — after claiming the story was rot. What next? Dame Shirley to admit gerrymandering? Watch this space.

MAD ABOUT THE HOUSE

OFFICERS and Labour members of Edinburgh city council have been rumbled while trying to take over a council-owned building.

Pentlands Labour party agreed to rent a large house in Lanark Road West for just £83.53 per month. The property, which is worth rather more, was never advertised as being available. Behind the deal was Labour activist Susan Dalgety, who happens to be convenor of the council's property services committee and who failed to declare an interest — like *all* her colleagues!

Surprisingly, property services official Ken Tervit found nothing wrong with the deal. Then opponents began to write angry letters. Within two weeks Labour members and council officers were U-turning like crazy. Corporate services director Ralph Musgrave admits the council is guilty of maladministration. Labour has pulled out of the deal. Dalgety has apologised.

FAT CATS KEBABBED

LABOUR is swift to condemn big pay increases — except for its own people.

● Councillors in **Sheffield** are about to award themselves an expenses and allowances increase of 275-400 percent.

Labour leaders admit the move will be unpopular, but since they know they can't be removed from power until well into the next century, what the hell. Meanwhile 300 council workers are to be laid off and the rest have had pay rises pegged at below 3 per cent.

● Dave King, a councillor on the defunct **West Lothian district council**, has claimed what may be a UK record in local government expenses. Last year, on top of £3,663 basic allowance, King received £5,500 for being on the new West Lothian unitary authority; £10,800 as recreation committee chairman; and £10,489 for meals and travelling expenses. This included allowances for 653 meals and clocking up 14,407 miles in his car — even though he lives 11 miles from the town hall. Total expenses: £30,452.

● Police authority members have been making a few bob going on lay visits to check local nicks. In **Essex** there are about 12 main stations with custody facilities that are usually visited and members are encouraged to make a maximum of 24 visits. A keen councillor could run up 288 visits a year, but Labour's Gerard Rice made 500 visits during 1994-95, picking up £16,267 in expenses.

IN BRIEF

HARROGATE: Phil Willis, prospective Lib Dem candidate in Harrogate, has made much of his survey showing that health care has been cut in the Yorkshire marginal by the Tories. This is the same Phil Willis who, as leader of Harrogate council, has just lent on a reluctant local health authority to sell a site it wanted to turn into a care home for the elderly to Tesco.

WANDSWORTH: The Tory flagship has put its staff training out to tender and has seen pitches by 40 companies — each witnessed by at least three council staff, including Tony Twine, assistant personnel head. The tendering process is now three months late and the shortlisted candidates will still have to give *more* demonstrations to jog memories. The process has kept three staff plus secretarial support tied up for three months and the council has still only made temporary appointments. Very efficient.

OXFORD: The city will receive several million pounds if it gives planning permission for a bowling alley and multiplex cinema at a prime riverside site and sells the site to developers before the end of August. Government rules would allow it to keep 90 percent of the money, compared to 50 percent after August. Locals object to the plans; but a confidential report was still sent to council committees claiming that the planning committee had "resolved to approve the application". Er, no: the report arrived with councillors two days *before* planners even met. The report was thus a fiction and permission has been delayed.

EALING: The planning east sub-committee has approved in principle the building of 19 luxury homes after officers forgot to tell councillors they had "severe reservations" about the plan and so recommended approval. Last year senior landscape architect John Dewar said he was against; locals agreed and a 300-name petition emerged. But there was no mention of the petition or the officers' reservations at the planning committee that gave approval. In March Bovis Homes agreed to give Ealing £20,000 for improvements around the development if the scheme was approved. This is called "planning gain".

WE have been asked to point out that Chris Gibson, a fraud investigator at Hackney Council, has been completely exonerated by the council of allegations which were made against him anonymously (see *Eye* 901).

ADS AND ADMEN

THE very sick advert for a Wigan crane hire company — it shows a pretty schoolgirl next to an open car door with the caption "Don't take lifts from strangers!" (*Eye* 899) — has a challenger courtesy of *New Civil Engineer*.

It carried an advert from the charismatically named firm Tensar, whose geogrids reinforce roads and which happens to be 13 years old. The company's brilliant ad agency came up with the tasteful: "Thirteen Year Old Reveals All."

HUSBAND

Letters

Parr-simony

Sir,

The reaction to the loan I made personally to the former BBC Head of Drama Series, Chris Parr (not, incidentally, through my company Portobello Productions) has been disproportionate. Aside from his position at the BBC he has been a close friend of mine for some considerable time.

*The loan itself was barely over one third of the £60,000 you report (*EYE *901). It was a short-term measure, of which no secret was made, while Chris Parr awaited the sale of his holiday home in France and Birmingham house subsequent to his transfer to London. Normally such loans would be routinely made by the BBC when an employee has to change base; but the BBC bureaucracy can appear to grind slowly sometimes.*

The loan has since been repaid to me by Chris. During its life, Chris Parr was never in a position to influence any contract awarded to my company. The first set of DALZIEL & PASCOE *films for BBC1 had already been completed when the loan was made. Any recommission would be decided by the relevant channel controller and the BBC's business managers, not by Chris Parr.*

Yours sincerely,
ERIC ABRAHAM,
Managing Director, Portobello.

Ein Volk-face

Sir,

In EYE *901, as part of your item on the Railtrack flotation, you list Malcolm Wicks as one of the Tory MPs advising F.C. Warburg.*

While Tony Blair's "New Labour" may be Tory in everything but name, Wicks is most definitely a Labour MP.

Also your attack on the GRAUNIAD*'s attitude towards our continental masters, sorry, "partners", the Germans is grossly inaccurate. Thomas Muster, though a fine tennis player, is not actually a German (he's Austrian). This should have been obvious since anyone contemplating taking on Fergie would need an extremely robust sense of humour.*

Yours sincerely,
MR K. WILLIAMS,
Croydon, Surrey.

Net loss

Sir,

Re: Funny Old World, Eye 901. I'm afraid that your spotter, the Zimbabwe Independent, and your compiler have all been taken in by a spoof that's been circulating on the net for at least six months that I know of: far from being the sinkhole of child-porn and bomb recipes that the more frothing of our rightwing media and politicians assert, the internet has largely replaced the informal "samizdat" of badly faded 4th-generation photocopies for the circulation of jokes, spoofs etc.

MARC WILSON,
Amsterdam.

Smart money

Sir,

*We must all hope your Media News item (*EYE *900) is correct in assuming the BBC reorganisation is preparing the ground for privatisation.*

John Birt has been smarting for years over the terrible injustice that just after he left LWT all his pals were made multi-millionaires by Christopher "Pigling" Bland's executive share scam, while he had to struggle by on his BBC salary.

Now all that can be rectified, since a BBC privatisation would undoubtedly benefit from the Bland touch (he walked away from LWT with £14.5 million of shares) and Birt's contribution could at last be recognised with the traditional cornucopia of share options and bonuses.

Yours sincerely,
FRANK BRIERLY,
LWT, London SE1.

Under the effluence

Sir,

Your item on Canterbury Mills proved once again that your Colour Section concentrates too much on colour and not enough on facts.

Ashford borough council is not a "supporter" of this company's operation, but since the plant is a long-established user [sic], the council's ability to control its operations is limited to what can be achieved through its planning and air pollution control powers.

You should be aware that the proposal for effluent disposal is not, as you wildly suggest, to tip it on to local fields. The plan, which is approved by the Environment Agency, is for the treated effluent to be pumped beneath the soil from where it can be filtered naturally through the chalk rather than being discharged from pipes on to the company's own land (which is what has been happening for many years).

It is clear, then, that by failing to make a decision on the planning application for an alternative method of disposal, Canterbury city council is effectively prolonging, not preventing, the current discharge on to the land.

Dr Colchester has indicated that he has no evidence of the transmission of BSE from sources such as Canterbury Mills, which carry out a service which, while undoubtedly unpleasant, will continue to be necessary unless and until the entire population becomes vegetarian.

It was also interesting that having accused this council of "supporting" Canterbury Mills you included a "PS" which pointed out that Canterbury Mills had been prosecuted for allowing effluent to spill on to neighbouring land. This council has taken similar action, having prosecuted Canterbury Mills in May, 1993, for breach of a statutory notice served some two years previously in respect of effluent discharges from the site.

CLLR. DERYCK WEATHERALL,
Leader, Ashford Borough Council.

Principal's boy

Sir,

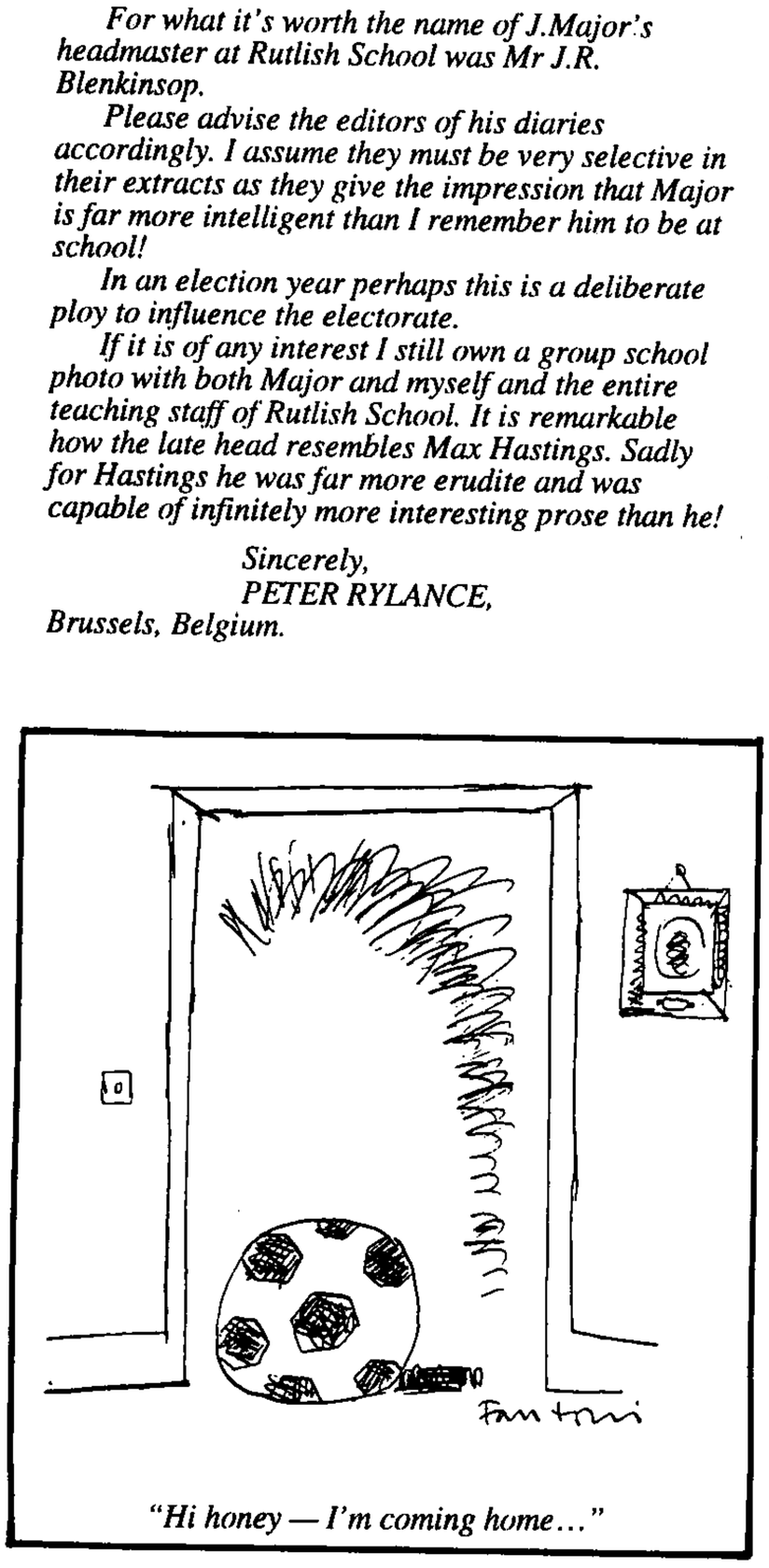
For what it's worth the name of J.Major's headmaster at Rutlish School was Mr J.R. Blenkinsop.

Please advise the editors of his diaries accordingly. I assume they must be very selective in their extracts as they give the impression that Major is far more intelligent than I remember him to be at school!

In an election year perhaps this is a deliberate ploy to influence the electorate.

If it is of any interest I still own a group school photo with both Major and myself and the entire teaching staff of Rutlish School. It is remarkable how the late head resembles Max Hastings. Sadly for Hastings he was far more erudite and was capable of infinitely more interesting prose than he!

Sincerely,
PETER RYLANCE,
Brussels, Belgium.



"Hi honey — I'm coming home..."

Dear bill

Sir,

*Re: Waterworld (*EYE *901). Taunton constituents know one thing about the privatised water industry that Waterworld doesn't know.*

You say our supplier is South West Water "famous for having the highest water bills in the country". **I don't think so!!** *Try Wessex Water, who should be famous for having among the lowest water bills in the country.*

I have no axe to grind for Tory MP David Nicholson or Wessex Water, but come on guv...!

Faithfully,
GEORGE HARDIE,
Taunton.

Sub culture

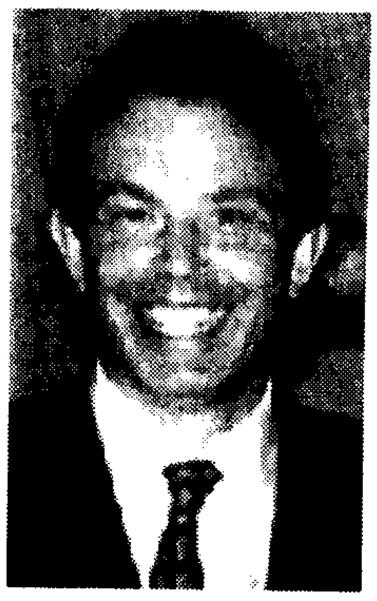
Sir,

I was intrigued by the item in the latest issue about the GUARDIAN*'s survey of children's attitudes and the accompanying rejoinder about Thomas Muster. Muster is, of course, Austrian and not German. As Austria is a land-locked country, it would probably be hard for him to captain that many U-boats.*

But I feel you also missed an opportunity to make a more fundamental point. It is well known that the Austrians are a peace-loving nation who have displayed an uncompromising commitment to protecting Jewish rights since the turn of the century. The conduct of a Mr A. Hitler, that well known Austrian human rights' activist, truly epitomises this national characteristic.

That, at least, is what the Austrians keep telling me.

Yours,
GAVIN GRAY,
Zagreb, Croatia.



Joker

Blair

Lookalike

Sir,

Watching BATMAN *on the TV this evening I turned my head for a moment to find the film replaced by the news — except that somehow Jack Nicholson's grimace as the joker was still there, but mysteriously transferred to the face of the leader of the Labour Party.*

In view of their remarkable similarity, I wonder could it be perhaps that their image consultants are related?

Yours etc,
MIKE BANAHAN,
Via e-mail.

General knowledge

Sir,

Your article indicating that both parties bidding for the Child Support Agency government contract being subsidiaries of General Motors is incorrect. Lockheed is its own entity. In fact, the Lockheed-Martin corporation have recently purchased Loral and is now sarcastically referred to here in the USA as LO-MORAL. You were probably confused with General Motors' acquisition a few years ago of Hughes.

Respectfully,
A. DAVID CHURCHMAN,
Seattle, USA.

I-SPY

Las Vegas

Submitted by Janet Ghio. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

● MANY thanks to the large number of readers who sent in Zoë Heller parodies. As yet no one has topped the original — but thanks to all for trying. Ed.

Food for thought

Sir,

May I please correct two statements in EYE *901 regarding the salmonella outbreak in Tonbridge & Malling?*

It was the WRVS and not the Women's Institute which formerly delivered Meals on Wheels to the elderly. Meals in foil containers were prepared in KCC school kitchens which WRVS volunteers collected in insulated boxes, delivered and served.

"Hygiene" was never an issue — privatisation of the school kitchens brought this service to an end. Caterers were not prepared to open kitchens in school holidays just for Meals on Wheels. Social Services informed the WRVS in July 1991 that their services were no longer required, having found a rest home in Maidstone which undertook deliveries to the Tonbridge-Hildenborough area in vans with facilities to keep the food hot. The snag was that the meals took nearly three hours to be delivered as the firm employed fewer drivers. This contract was not renewed and Lifespan took over.

It is a pity that Social Services did not find an alternative supplier of meals which could have been taken out by WRVS. The elderly people were upset to lose their regular friendly visitors and we were sorry not to be continuing our service.

Yours faithfully,
MARY CHRUSCIEL (MRS),
Tonbridge.

Record profits

Sir,

Do you suppose that the Richard Branson whose Virgin Airlines is currently complaining bitterly through ads in the national press about the monopoly threatened by the merger of British and American Airways bears any relation to the Richard Branson who recently cheerfully sold his Virgin Record Shops chain to W.H. Smith? As they already owned the mighty W.H. Smug chain and the equally prominent Our Price network, adding the Virgin outlets created one of the most dominant monopolies in Britain today.

No, that can't be right — must be someone else...

Yours sincerely,
ADAM FARNDELL,
London W4.

Trained observer

Sir,

It is a pity that the photograph used to illustrate the Signal Failures column in the EYE *is of an articulated locomotive; a design used wherever large, powerful engines were needed to haul heavy trains on railways with steep gradients and tight curves. This design was actually very successful and saw service all over the world.*

In future may I suggest that a photograph of a different engine is used for this column. The Advanced Passenger Train (APT) would be much more appropriate, being expensive, a complete failure and thoroughly British.

Yours faithfully,
ALISTAIR CLARK,
Rhos on Sea, Colwyn.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"He's standing on one leg like a horse in a dressage competition."
HENRY BLOFELD, Radio 4
(David Wilson)

"Washington, haring to the net like a terrier..."
TONY ADAMSON, Radio 5 Live
(D. Downes)

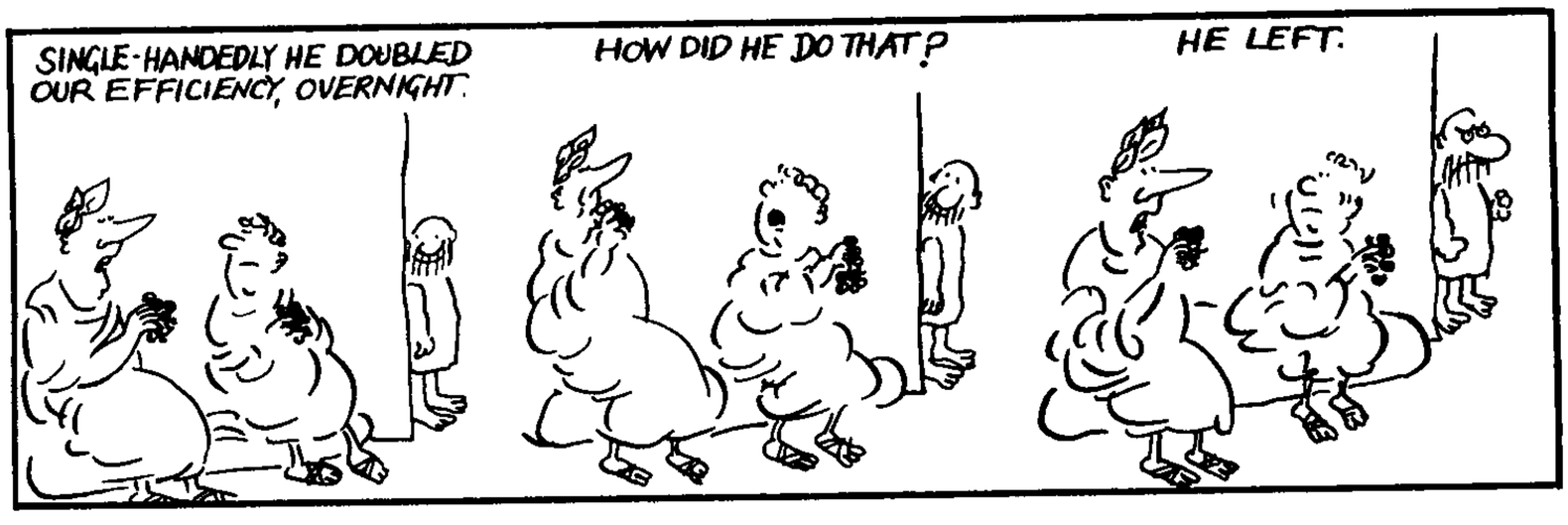
"The game has gone rather scrappy as both sides realise they could win this match or lose it."
KEVIN KEEGAN, ITV
(Maurice Cracknell)

"I'm talking about measures that should have been taken in the slaughterhouses, and we know that there have been some black sheep there..."
GAVIN STRANG, BBC4
(Peter Hatton)

Susannah Simons: *... so what does 'artist in residence' mean?*
Stephen Isselis: *I think it means you're an artist and you're resident somewhere.*
Classic FM
(Dange Ginsb)

HOM SAP

AUSTIN



Letter from **Croatia**

from Our Own Correspondent

FRANJO TUDJMAN, president of Croatia, often says our country is one of the most democratic in the world. But it seems we have been too democratic — so this spring parliament passed a law protecting the reputation and image of our president.

Just a few weeks later two journalists of the satirical magazine *Feral Tribune* found themselves in court in Zagreb. They were accused of slandering our most democratic president — who likes to be photographed in a military uniform of ice-cream colour. If they are found guilty, for a year and a half they will have to refrain from enjoying the benefits of our great democracy.

When Keti Marton, wife of Richard Holbrook and president of the committee to protect journalists, came to remind Tudjman that he had vowed in Dayton to respect the freedom of the media, Tudjman stood up and started to wave issues of *Feral Tribune*. "Instead of protecting these kinds of magazines, you should better protect me from them."

As Keti Marton did not protect him, he had to do something himself. So on 14 June the journalists of *Feral Tribune*, Viktor Ivancic and Marinko Culic, found themselves in court. Since the previous "democratic" steps taken against the magazine — its public burning in Split; ordering a "porn tax" on the magazine; and putting its editor-in-chief into the Croatian army — did not show results, the paper had to be tamed in court.

The two journalists were accused of writing articles critical of one of the more "democratic" ideas of our president: to unite dead Croats who had fought in the second world war, but under different flags, by mixing the bones of the murderers and their victims in the same burial place. To the former concentration camp of Jasenovac, where lay the bones of some 10,000 Serbs, Jews and gypsies who suffered under the fascistic Croatian rule of World War Two, Tudjman wants to transfer the bones of soldiers who fought *for* the fascistic regime.

A similar idea was executed in Spain by General Franco, and *Feral* wrote that the democratic Tudjman is a "declared follower of the Generalissimus Franco". Tudjman felt slandered. In court the prosecutor and the judge were both amazed when Ivancic, in his defence, quoted several Tudjman interviews in which he admires Franco. Giving respect to the Spanish general, Tudjman said that "in Franco Spain found strength and wisdom to ensure the normal development of democracy" by building one tomb for both the phalangists and the communists.

The *Feral* journalist then quoted a few more Tudjman eulogies to Franco and concluded: "Here in this court, at least two persons are of the same opinion. They are the prosecutor and I. We believe that the citizen Franjo Tudjman with his statements slanders the reputation of the President of Croatia. But I do not understand what *Feral* has to do with this. I think the prosecutor himself should sue citizen Tudjman against slandering the president".

The journalists quoted Tudjman's statement from the *Financial Times*, where he calls the *Feral* writers "communist epigones", nostalgic for the ex-Yugoslavia, children born of mixed Serbo-Croatian marriages and descendants of Yugoslav military officers. "These are slanders," said Ivancic. "We never said Tudjman was a son of a Yugoslav military officer, because he is not one. However, it might be a different case with his children."

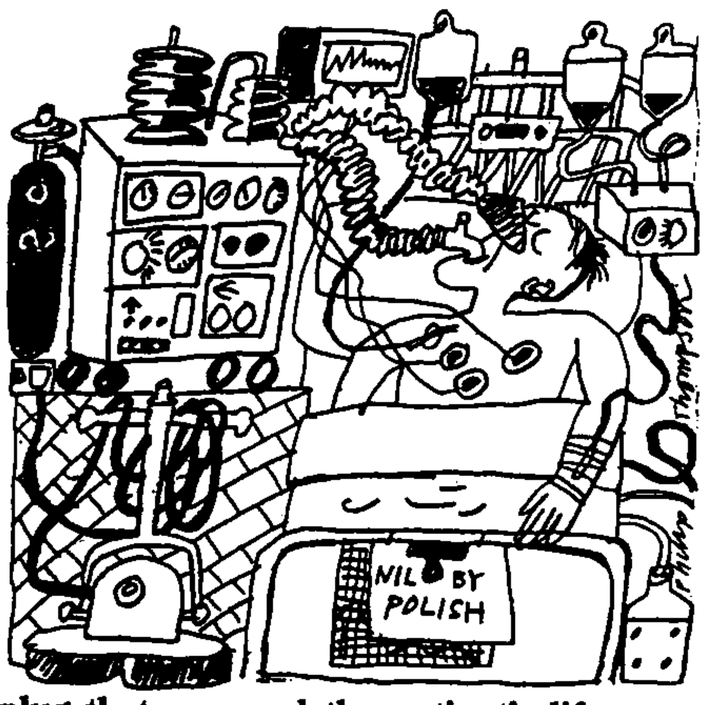
Before taking the lead of Croatia Tudjman was a communistic general in the Yugoslav army. When he was in Belgrade his daughter married with a Serb by whom she had two children. So Tudjman has two grandchildren from a mixed Serbo-Croatian marriage.

The judge postponed the trial until September. But the next issue of *Feral* gave new material for possible new charges. The day after the trial Tudjman went to Jasenovac, home of the former concentration camp, to see how to enforce his idea of bringing the dead together. On the front page of the magazine they put a photo of the president, all skin and bones, standing behind the barbed wire of the concentration camp. They commented: "The court in Zagreb shows no mercy: A day after the trial Tudjman ends up in Jasenovac."

FUNNY OLD WORLD

❍ "For several months, our nurses have been baffled to find a dead patient in the same bed every Friday morning," a spokeswoman for Pelonomi Hospital (Free State, South Africa) told reporters. "There was no apparent cause for any of the deaths, and extensive checks on the air conditioning system, and a search for possible bacterial infection, failed to reveal any clues.

"However, further enquiries have now revealed the cause of these deaths. It seems that every Friday morning a cleaner would enter the ward, remove the



plug that powered the patient's life support system, plug her floor polisher into the vacant socket, then go about her business. When she had finished her chores, she would plug the life support machine back in and leave, unaware that the patient was now dead. She could not, after all, hear the screams and eventual death rattle over the whirring of the polisher.

"We are sorry, and we have sent a strong letter to the cleaner in question. Further, the Free State Health and Welfare Department is arranging for an electrician to fit an extra socket, so there should be no repetition of this incident. The enquiry is now closed." *(Cape Times, 13/6/96. Spotter — Robert Reddick)*

— ❍ —

❍ "In this business, you either write a joke or you are a joke," said DJ Ron Bennington, speaking in support of the Radio Station WMTX-FM 95.7, in Clearwater, Florida. "It's just show business, and this Reigle guy should consider himself lucky to have had a job at all."

Bennington was responding to a lawsuit filed by Don Reigle Jr, which alleged that disc jockeys at WMTX had set him up as the "station buffoon" during the three years he worked there as a part-time broadcaster. The allegations against DJs include: repeatedly pushing, tripping, and hitting Reigle; spiking his drinks with hot sauce and sugar, even though he is diabetic, then mocking his speech patterns when diabetes affected his on-air delivery; nailing a dead mullet beneath his desk, causing him to vomit; unscrewing his telephone receiver and hiding shrimp and tuna in the earpiece; putting sausages up his exhaust pipe and frequently towing his car away from the station parking lot; tying him to a chair and flashing stroboscopic lights in his eyes, to induce an epileptic fit, which they then recorded and broadcast; repeatedly punching him in the groin, causing him to urinate blood; and, when those punches began to affect his marriage, secretly recording his private conversations and broadcasting them.

Defending the station's policy, Bennington maintained that lots of stations single out part-time employees to be the butt of jokes: "We call them greebles, 'cos they're 'greeable to do anything. I've got a guy on my show called 'How many times do you have to take it before you say *Enough*?' I've been humiliating him for eight years, and he ain't complained yet. Some people have a talent to amuse. Reigle only had a talent for abuse." *(St Petersburg Times, 11/6/96. Spotter — Duncan Stanworth)*

— ❍ —

❍ *"This accident was bound to happen sooner or later," police spokesman Ramachandra Reddi told a press conference in Coimbatore, India. "In the old days, pickpockets only stole the contents of your pockets. Nowadays, they try to steal the whole pocket, and the consequences can be dire."*

Reddi then explained how the freak accident had occurred: "There is a plague of thieves on our buses who now use razor blades to slice holes in their victim's shorts and steal their pockets, belongings and all. But on this occasion, the pickpocket slashed so deeply that the unlucky victim, a coolie, lost his genitals too. He cried out when they were sliced off and, although the thief escaped, the coolie was in luck, because, in the confusion, his vital organs were dropped on the floor of the bus. He was rushed to the government medical college hospital where they were sewn back on, and no harm seems to have been done.

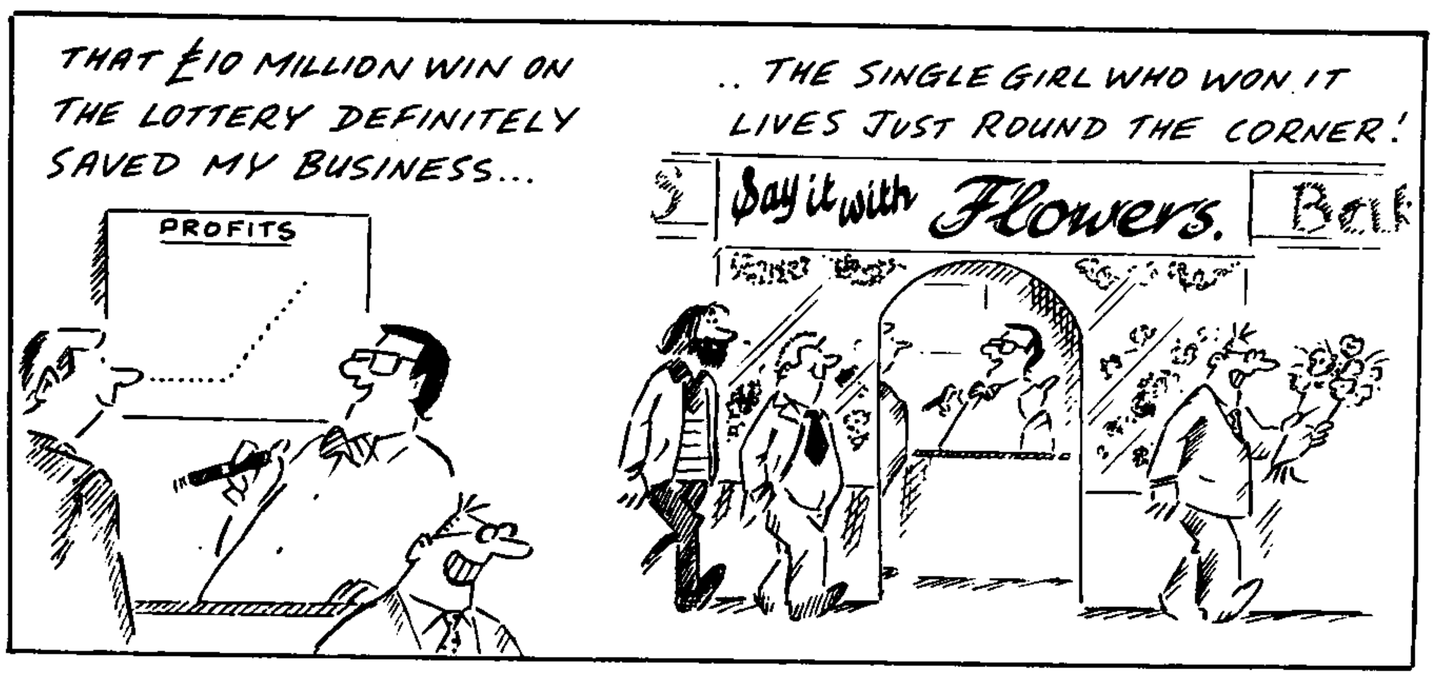
"My advice? I urge all citizens to make underwear out of strong tin foil with haste. Yes, it is uncomfortable when you sit, but only with metal protection around you will your wallet and your genitals be truly safe." (PTI, 14/6/96. Spotter — M. Hughes)

Compiled by

Victor Lewis-Smith

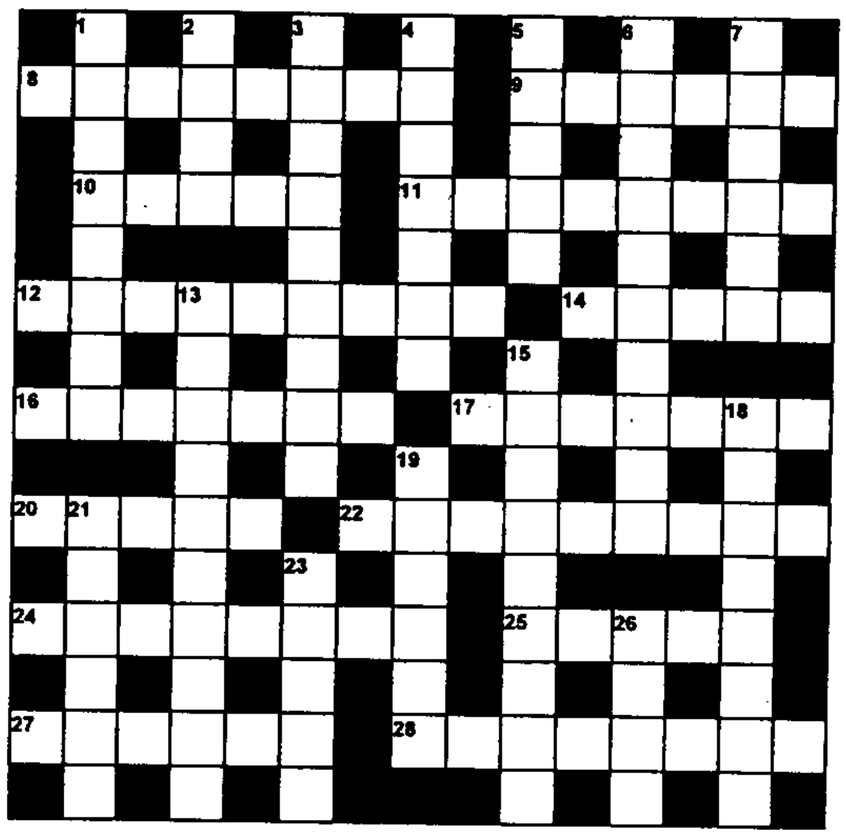
The Lottery Winners

TURNER


THAT £10 MILLION WIN ON THE LOTTERY DEFINITELY SAVED MY BUSINESS...
PROFITS
.. THE SINGLE GIRL WHO WON IT LIVES JUST ROUND THE CORNER!
Say it with Flowers.
Bank

EYE CROSSWORD 57

by Cyclops *£100 prize*



ACROSS

8 Absence of public lavs but no filth to be seen? (2-2,4)
9 Hospital, in principle, used by surfers (3,3)
10 Guards kids from origins of sexual political correctness in National Curriculum (5)
11 Broadcasting dynasty rambling Bill Deedes initiated — blimey! (8)
12/26 OK, hussy forced out and now the title's vacant! (7,2,4)
14 Somewhat castrated — that's hardly a penis extension! (5)
16 Bill's little party's outside dressing (7)
17 Like a nerd switching micro on? (7)
20 Do this to a road-rager and you could end up so! (3,2)
22 Having a stiffy requires craft for a Redwood type (9)
24 Weird, crazy kid, youth abandoned for a war criminal (8)
25 Hattersley in the morning: arse over tip — that's official (5)
27 Zero sign of growth backed by the Irish government (6)
28 Climax of Howe-type vision of screwing Maggie? (3,5)

DOWN

1 Redwood load of bollocks as a figure who represents this country (4,4)
2 Ceremony involving pisspot politician (4)
3 Cocaine's all the rage for someone regularly penetrating bull (5,4)
4 Manual worker's relief (4,3)
5 Major and women in uniform once upset put foot down (5)
6 "Nil BSE" — our Conservative-nobbled prime minister in Europe (10)
7 (see 13)
13/7 'Totally innocent of sleaze, cock?' — one MP to another (10,6)
15 A lot of cash required by senile crafty type — he's splashing out on a party (9)
18 Eric came, being excited by a cornet (3,5)
19 Maggie to her enemies, maybe — a beastly cause of friction with the rest of Europe (3,3)
21 World university run by arsehole... (6)
23 ...it's apparently being leaked at a high level (5)
26 (see 12)

£100 prize to first correct solution opened on 19.07.96. Entries to "Crossword", Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.

Solution to Crossword No. 56

Winner: M. Pillidge

ACROSS: 7 Shrink 8 Mushroom 10/11 The Scott Report 11 (see 10) 12 Bribe 13 Cenotaph 14 Leak 15 Bombs 16 PIIC 17 Republic 19 Queen 20 Ethics 21 Chat show 23 Honeypot 24 Greece.

DOWN: 1 Shah 2 Oil slick 3 Sky One 4 Smut 5 Armpit 6 Corruption 9 Strings 12 By-election 13 Comic 15 Balls-up 16 Pressmen 18 Unisex 19 Quango 21 Cuts 22 Ouch!

The State Visit of His Royal Highness St Nelson of Mandela

The procession was formed as follows:

1ST COACH
(National Express
Jo'burg - London £75 Return)
Her Majesty Queen Brenda 1 of England; His Holiness The Right Reverend Nelson Mandela of All the South Africas.

2ND COACH
HRH The Duke of Edinburgh and Mykonos; Princess Nelsonella Mandella-Fitzgerald.

3RD COACH
His Royal Highness Prince Brian of Cornwall accompanied by various potplants including Geranium Grandiflorum, Candida Lycett-Greenfly and Camilla Luxurians Tampaxiana.

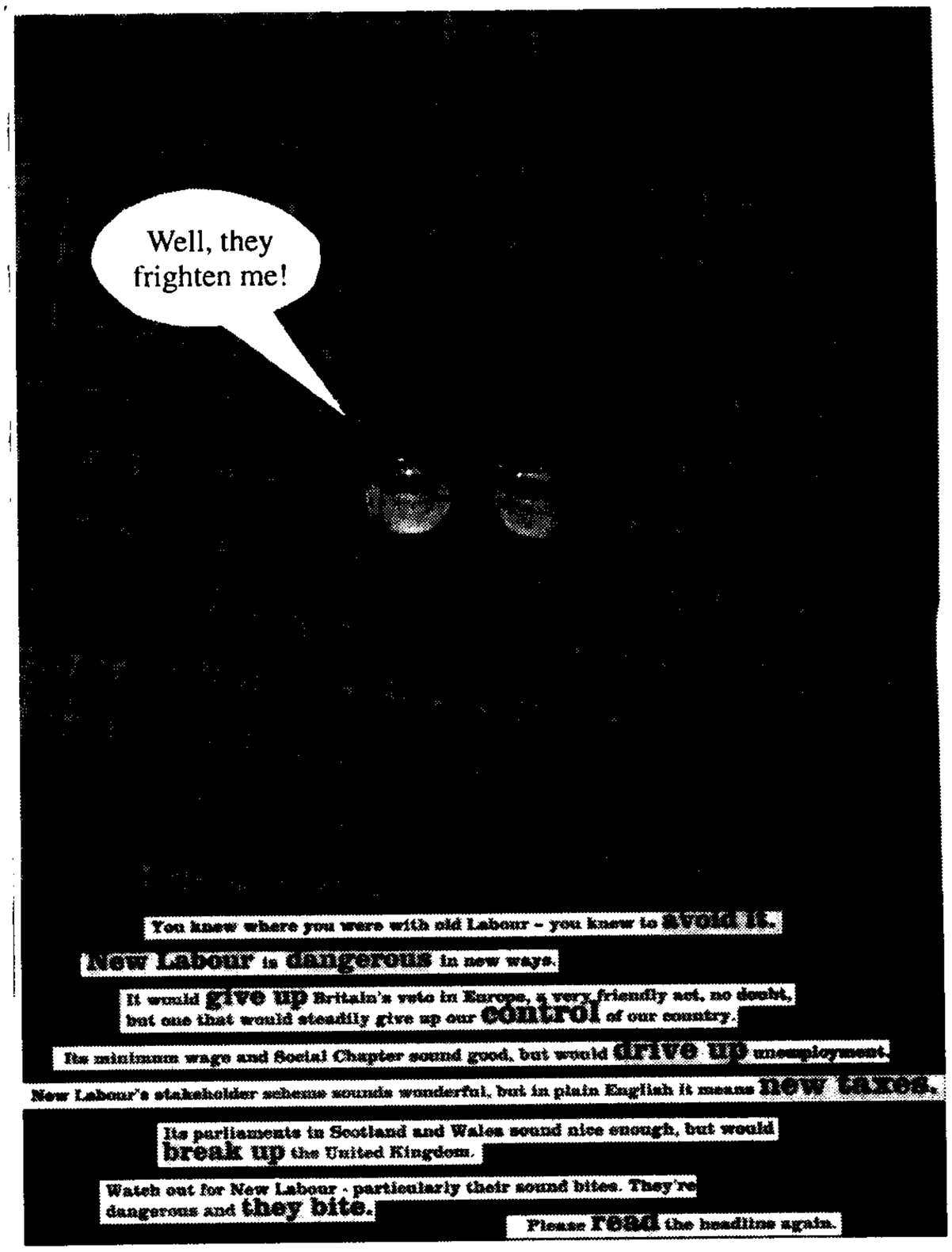
1ST BUS
(Open Deck London Official Sightseeing Tour — Phone 0898 745151 for Rental Details)
The entire cabinet of South Africa, including: Chief Machete of Ncklace and Chief Joseph Lenin N'Stalin.

1ST TIGER
John Aspinall.

The procession will proceed to the troubled Township of Brixton where Mr Mandela will see for himself the appalling conditions in which thousands of black people have been forced to live under Thatcher's Britain.

Mr Mandela will then be formally arrested by Inspector Knacker of the Yard who will present him with a small package of cocaine. Mr Mandela will be given the Non-Freedom of the City.

ADVERTISEMENT


Well, they frighten me!
You know where you were with old Labour - you knew to AVOID IT.
New Labour is dangerous in new ways.
It would give up Britain's veto in Europe, a very friendly act, no doubt, but one that would steadily give up our control of our country.
Its minimum wage and Social Chapter sound good, but would drive up unemployment.
New Labour's stakeholder scheme sounds wonderful, but in plain English it means new taxes.
Its parliaments in Scotland and Wales sound nice enough, but would break up the United Kingdom.
Watch out for New Labour - particularly their sound bites. They're dangerous and they bite.
Please read the headline again.

NORTH WEST FAIR PLAY WEEK JUNE 1996
EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES POLICIES - AGENDA FOR ACTION

This Conference will be held at Police Headquarters, Hutton on the 20th June, 1996, and is open to Women only

Lancs County Council Social Services

The Book of Benjamin Who is Called Netanyahu

1. And lo, it came to pass that Benjamin ruled over the Land of Israel.
2. And the wife of Benjamin was called Sarah.
3. And she was the third of his wives and as fair to look upon as the rose that bloometh in the Gardens of Hebron.
4. Now Sarah was a handmaiden of El-Al and she cometh among the businessmen of the Land of Israel who flieth through the air.
5. And she telleth them that the emergency exodus are to the fore and aft of the air ship of the desert. And they taketh no notice.
6. And when the businessmen are sore weary of the journey Sarah handeth them a hot towel. *(That's enough in-flight stuff. Ed.)*
7. And Benjamin spoke unto the children of Israel, seeking to gain popularity like unto the leader of the Land of Am-erica, that is to the one who is called Clintstone.
8. And he sayeth: "Look upon my comely wife, men of Israel. Doth she not remind you a bit of Barbra Streisand? Vote for me."
9. And the children of Israel did rejoice and did cast their votes in favour of Benjamin.
10. But the Mediaites waxed wroth for they discovered that Sarah, the wife of Benjamin, had driven from her house a handmaiden that had burnt the soup prepared for the children of Benjamin.
11. And Sarah's wrath was like unto the wrath of the Cockatrice that sees its young devoured by the Turtle in the noonday sun.
12. And there came forth another handmaiden of Sarah called Heidi who sayeth: "I too have suffered at the hands of this unjust woman. And my sin was no more than I did eat of the fruit of the tomato tree.
13. "Whereupon Sarah freaketh out. And sent me back unto my own people."
14. And the children of Israel were mightily fascinated by these revelations.
15. "For at last," they saith to themselves, "we have something to read about apart from smiting the Arab-ites.
16. "And instead of gnashing our teeth we are licking our lips."
17. And they could not get enough of it.

Watcheth this space for the new Book of Revelations in Ten Tabloids of Stone!

The Secret Diary of John Major aged 47¾

Monday

Mr Dr Mawhinney is a genius. Every day he comes up with a new brilliant idea for winning the next election. Last week he put up millions of posters all over the country saying "Yes, It Hurts. No, It Doesn't Work. Vote Conservative". Today he came in with a new set of slogans which are even more brilliant, and asked me to choose which one was best. They were:

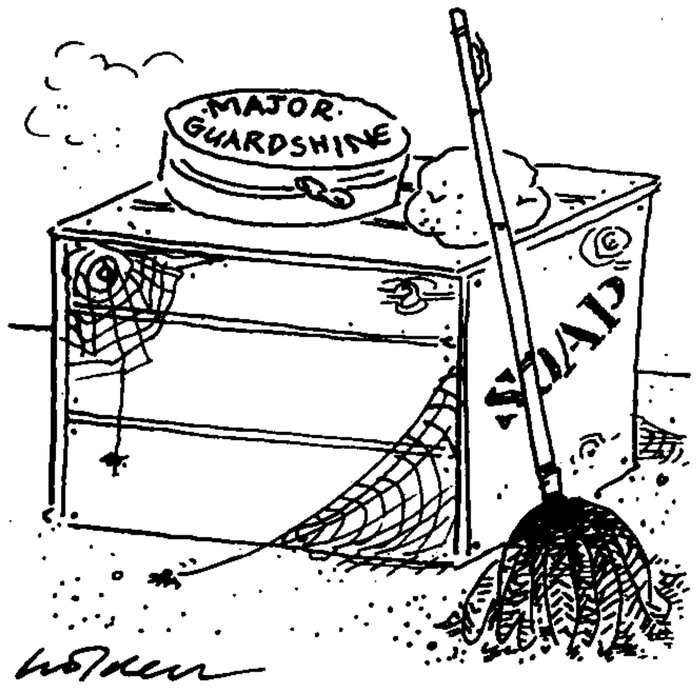
"Now You See It. Now You Don't (Mr Blair)."

"Yes, It's Hurd. No, It's Rifkind."

"Yes, It Works On An Egg. No, It Doesn't."

"This Campaign Isn't Working. Oh, Yes, It Isn't."

Mr Dr Mawhinney said that our new advertising team, run by Mr Saatchi, had been writing round-the-clock for three months to produce all these vote-winning ideas, and they were well worth the £10 million we are paying them.



Tuesday

Today Mr Dr Mawhinney had another brilliant idea for winning the next election when he rang up to say that I was going to the final of the football competition. "It will be a great photo-opportunity, John," he said, "and a chance for 5 billion people to see that, although we were beaten by the Germans, we don't hold a grudge against them." "Yes," I said, "it will show that we are very good losers." "Don't say that, you idiot," said Mr Dr Mawhinney in a not inconsiderably rude manner. I have to say that I enjoyed watching the Germans win. "But then you're used to that," said my wife Norman, as she served up our late night, post-match herbal tea (cinnamon and vegetable marrow).

Wednesday

I was in no small measure not very pleased when I saw in the *Daily Telegraph* that my sister Mrs Dessoy (whom I have not seen for 20 years) has written another article under the headline "My Bonking Brother's Naughty Nights With Dirty Divorcee — A Telegraph Exclusive". I immediately called in Mr Dr Mawhinney and told him that this kind of thing was very damaging. "Yes," he said, "to Mr Blair. It was all my idea. There you are, all over the front pages. Jack the Lad, Men Behaving Badly — it makes you into Nineties Man, unlike Holy Joe Blair with his Christian Socialism and his holier-than-thou Communion chasing. This one's really going to do the trick, John," he said.

Thursday

The latest poll shows unfortunately that since the revelations by my sister about Mrs Kierans, my rating has slipped another 10 points, from 5 to minus 5. When I showed this to Mr Dr Mawhinney, he said: "Don't worry, John, just look at today's idea". He showed me a very fat book called The Road To Ruin which he explained was a very funny parody of the Labour Party manifesto for the next election. He and Mr Heseltine are going to read out the jokes, which go like this:

Heseltine: I say, I say, I say. Knock, knock.

Mawhinney: Who's there?

Heseltine: New Labour.

Mawhinney: Don't let them in — they're very dangerous.

Heseltine: Ha, ha, ha. I say, Brian, how many New Labour men does it take to change a lightbulb?

Mawhinney: None, because they prefer to keep everyone in the dark. (I thought this one was my favourite. It was apparently written by none other than Sir David Frost. As I told Norman later, he is definitely one of the funniest men in England. "But not the funniest," she said, giving me one of her looks.)

There were plenty more hilarious jokes like these ones, and I very much look forward to reading what the newspapers have to say about the launch tomorrow.

Friday

All the papers have given front-page coverage to our brilliant new campaign. "Embarrassing, Pathetic, Pitiful", "Hezza and Mazza 'Two Ronnies Show' Gets The Bird", "The Joke's On You John — You're The Laughing Stock." It is very clever of Mr Dr Mawhinney to get so much publicity.

Saturday

Mr Dr Mawhinney has really surpassed himself this time. He woke me up at 6 o'clock this morning to say: "Have you seen the Russian news, John?"

I replied that I was far too busy being asleep to watch the television, but he continued: "I've cracked it, John. I've got the secret for winning the election. First you drink a lot of vodka then you go on television looking drunk and dancing about with some pretty girls. Then you get very ill and have to go to bed. Everyone thinks you're dead and so they vote for you." I told Mr Dr Mawhinney that *he* should go to bed and perhaps call a *real* doctor.

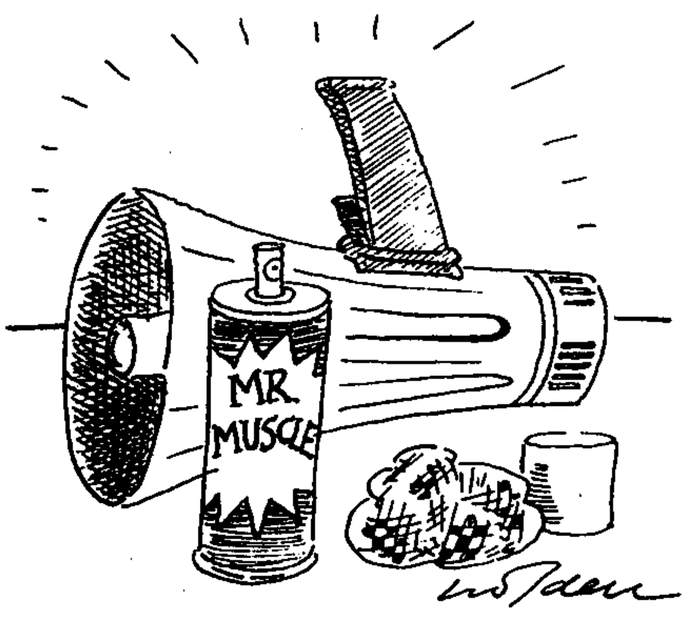
Sunday

Mr Dr Mawhinney has had the best brilliant idea yet.

He came in today with two tickets for Wembley. "The football is all over," I said to him quick as a flash to show that I know what is going on. "It is the Three Tenors," he told me.

"That is very cheap for Wembley," I said.

"No, you idiot," he joked. "Your wife Norman is very keen on opera. Apparently, she enjoys the spectacle of tragic men coming to bitter ends. This will make you look very cultured and not just someone who likes football."



In the event, it was a very cold and wet evening which consisted entirely of three rich fat Europeans shouting at me in various languages I did not understand. "I might as well go to Brussels," I told Norman.

She did not however seem to hear me as one of the men was singing an Italian song called "Summenchanta Evenin".

When it was all over I said to Norman: "I am very cold and wet". "Correct," she said — rather unnecessarily in my judgement.

SINGLE MOTHER WINS £15 MILLION IN ROLL-OVER WINDFALL

by Our Lottery Staff **Bob Monkhouseofwindsor**

AN unemployed young mother of two was reeling yesterday from the news that she is to receive the biggest cash hand-out ever from the Royal Lottery.

Said Diana, who asked for maximum publicity: "It's wonderful. I picked seven figures at random and they came up!"

Di's lucky numbers were 15,000,000.

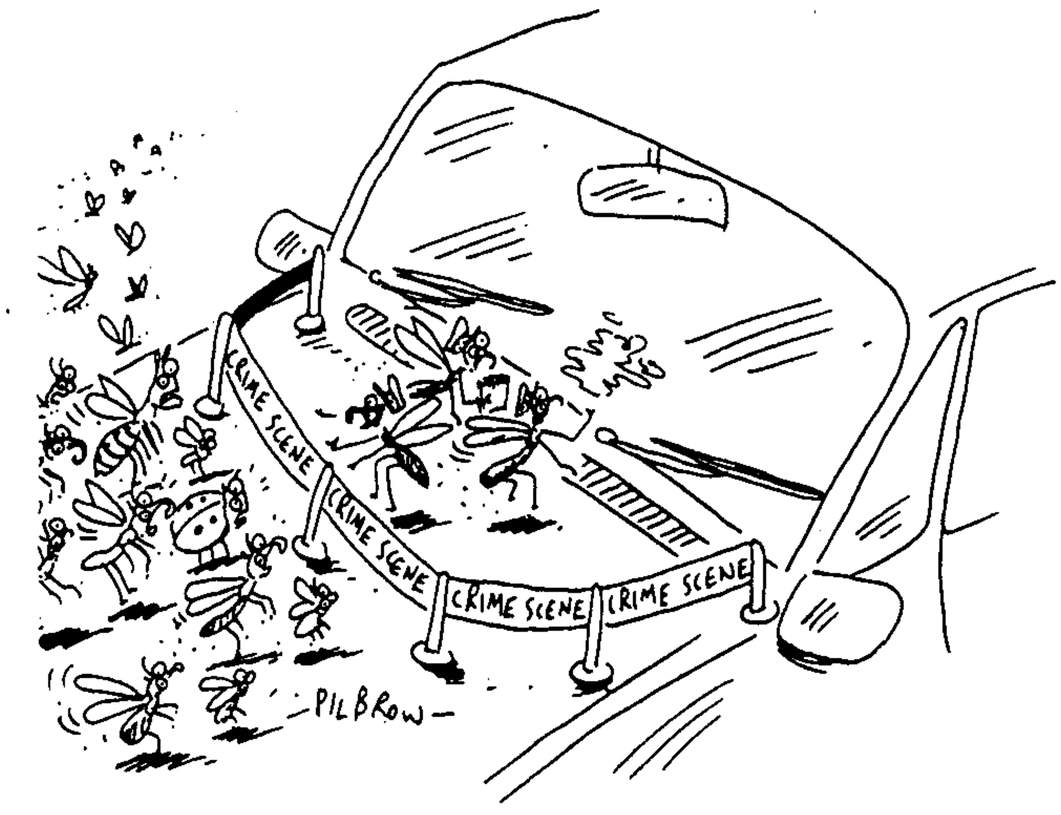
"It will not change my life," she said. "I've always been very rich and now I will stay that way for ever."

Later, the Royal Lottery organisers, Windsorlot, defended the enormous payout.

Hey Big Spencer

"It was a roll-over. We rolled over and gave her whatever she asked for. It just goes to show that anyone can win a fortune with this outfit."

Handing over the cheque, top celebrity the Prince of Wales said: "I wish her all the worst."



THE SUN SAYS

Wot A Load Of Dankers!

SO THE Germans have taken a full-page ad in our best British newspaper to thank us for our hospitality and fair play in organising Euro 96.

Who do they think they are?

Come off it, Fritz! We know what you're up to.

Trying to rub our noses in the fact that you won by cheating on penalties.

We notice that your ad carefully avoids mentioning the little matter of World War Two.

Or World War One for that matter.

Considering it is the 100th anniversary of the Somme, wouldn't it have been better for you to concede that we won in 1966?

The Sun invites you to do the decent thing and take a full-page colour ad in this newspaper.

Ring our Ad Manager Sid Moron on 0898 42-42-42 (Geddit?)

Then we can say Danke You as well!

UNCLE QUENTIN TARANTINO

THE ROCKY HORROR MISSAL

No. 94: Service For The Unlawful Administration Of Communion To High-Ranking Anglicans During The Mass In The Course Of The Pre-Election Period.

Monsignor: Hail Mary, Mother of God.

All: Hi there Father!

Monsignor: Brothers and sisters, we have come together to celebrate the Sacrament of Holy Communion and such of you as are fully in a state of grace, confirmed members of the Holy Church of Rome, are invited to step forward.

All: Right. Here we go then.

(The congregation then steps forward, except for one man sitting at the front with his wife N— or M—. It may be Cherie or similar)

Monsignor: May I say at this point that whilst the Holy Church has compassion towards those who find themselves in inter-faith marriage situations, it cannot unfortunately change its rules.

All: Fair enough.

Monsignor: However there may be extreme cases where the distress is so considerable that an exception may be made. Is there anyone here who fits that particular profile?

(At this point the Leader of the Labour Party may step forward)

Blair: It could be me.

Monsignor: Hi Tony. Good to see you again.

(All shall then take Communion, including any journalists who may be present, particularly from the Daily Telegraph — patron saints St Conrad the White and St Charles the Less)

Monsignor: The Mass has ended. Go forth and write your pieces.

All: Good old Tony.

Monsignor: New Labour. New Testament.

© Cardinal Basil Fawlty

Lines On The Historic Return Of The Stone of Destiny To Its Rightful Resting Place In Bonnie Scotland

by Sir William Rees-McGonagall

'Twas in the year Twelve Hundred and Ninety-Six
That the Great King Edward III marched north to hammer the Picts
In battle after battle he made Scotland his own
Until he arrived at the famous town of Scone.

Twas here that he found beneath an old chair
A legendary stone that had long lain there
The royal eye was much taken by this slab of auld rock
"Pray, what is it for?" he asked the nearest Jock.

"My liege," quoth he, "this ancient rock is known
All over Caledon as the Stone of Scone.
If a usurper ever tries to seize our throne
Then this magical rock lets out a mighty groan.

For centuries past, so legend relates
The monarchs of Scotland and Ireland have sat on it at various dates.
And if they belong to the legitimate royal hoose
The slab remains silent, as quiet as a moose.

At once the wicked and rapacious English King
Thought "for my new church in London this is just the thing"
And so he took it to Westminster Abbey
Where for 600 years it sat there looking considerably shabby.

Then in the year Nineteen Hundred and Ninety-Six
The British prime minister Mr Major found himself in a terrible fix.
In all the lands from Carlisle to John O'Groats
The polls showed the Tories would get no votes.

Poor wee timorous John Major racked his brain
"What can we do to stop us going down the drain?"
And then it came to him, as if in a dream,
The most inspired and ingenious vote-winning scheme.

"I've got it!" he cried. "The famous stone,
We'll send it back to the place called Scone.
This will so delight the entire Scottish nation
That they will all vote Conservative in celebration."

But unfortunately he misjudged the canny Scottish folk
Who found the whole thing a bit of a joke.
For the Stone of Scone they did not care
And continued to vote for that fine Scotsman Mr Tony Blair.

© *W. Rees-McGonagall*

STONE RETURNS HOME

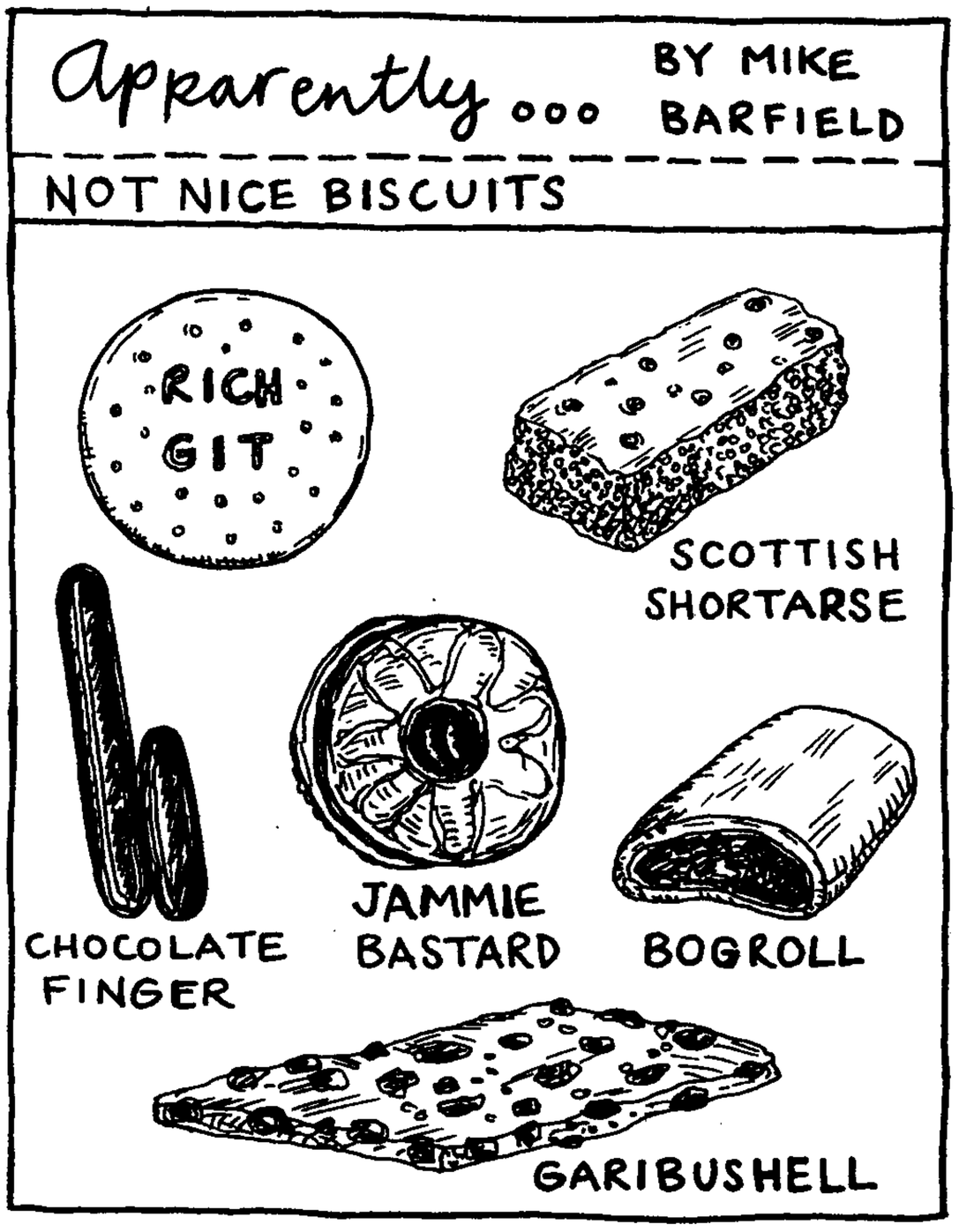
by Our History Staff **Sir Walter Scotch**

FOR 600 years the legendary Norman Stone, known as the Stoned of Scotch, has lain undisturbed beneath a chair in an Oxford public house.

The legend, told by generations of undergraduates, relates how if a groan is heard from beneath the chair, the Stone is still alive and requires further refreshment.

This week, however, the Oxford authorities announced that as "a goodwill gesture" they were returning the Stone in a taxi to his rightful home, Dunteachin, in North Oxford.

Professor Stone is 600.



Notes & Queries

QUESTION: Why are sandwiches referred to nowadays as "sarnies"? — *Mr H. Thompson, 'Toppo' Mansions, Guernsey.*

☐THE word "sarnie" is of Indian origin — the original Pushtu word being "sahini", which was a priestly offering made to the God Vishnu consisting of unleavened bread filled with a form of curried marmalade. Gradually it became a common foodstuff in Northern India, and when Indian regiments joined British troops in the First World War they introduced an improvised version of the "sarnie" using slices of bread filled with bully beef. Hence the marching song of the Buffs: "Give us a bit of your sarnie, Sergeant-Major/ 'Cos I've left mine back at home." — *J.R. Hartley, Dunfishin, Herts.*

QUESTION: Could any readers advise of the best way of discouraging greenfly from infesting laundry when it is hanging on the line? — *M. Horowitz, Albert Hall, Berks.*

☐MY grandmother used a solution of custard powder, tartaric acid and Indian ink, which she boiled up with the weekly wash. The resultant smell deters the greenfly and the solution proves fatal should they land on the laundry. — *Mrs Gladys Southgate, The Old Mangle, Staffs.*

☐MRS Southgate's grandmother obviously had not heard of the old Scottish remedy for greenfly-on-the-laundry. My grandmother during the summer rehung all the laundry on her rose bushes. The greenfly kept well away, believe me! — *Mrs Margaret Idiot, Dumfries.*

QUESTION: Why don't clouds fall to the ground? — *A. Rusbridger, Jaspan Drive, Carshalton.*

☐CLOUDS are made of cotton wool and they are kept up in the air by enormous strings connected to the sun. As the sun goes round the earth, the clouds are pulled along like a child's kite, except upside-down. — *Professor Stephen Hawking.*

NEXT WEEK: Answers to the following questions please: Is it true that supermarket trolleys were invented in Ancient Egypt? Do worms go to sleep? Has anyone jumped off the Eiffel Tower and lived? Why is the Spectator so boring nowadays?

TENNIS SPOILS TRADITIONAL RAIN

by Our Wimbledon Staff
Tim Weatherman

ONE of the best-loved features of the British summer season has once again been spoiled by repeated outbreaks of tennis.

Play stopped rain on all the courts during the second week of Wimbledon leaving frustrated spectators with no rain to watch for hours on end.

"We come to Wimbledon to see the best quality downpours in the world," said one. "This year all we've been offered is British tennis players playing brilliantly. It's hardly the same thing, is it?"

Sir Clifford Richard is 76 (in the tie-break).

The man who wore his sunglasses over his eyes

SUMMER OF BORES

Your 94-Page Pull-Out Special starts here

INDOOR BOWLS IS COMING HOME!

by Our Sports Staff LUNCHTIME O'BOWLS

WHEN Britain's Reg Wheen shouts "Jack on!" the whole nation will be glued to their TV sets cheering him on.

On 16 July the World Indoor Bowls Toruney 96 gets underway at the prestigious Ringworm Leisure Centre in Milton Keynes's own Olympic Village — and the BBC will be there to bring you round-the-clock coverage of the world's most popular indoor carpet-based sport.

Atlanta

But that is only the beginning. Because this summer all of the following sports are coming home. And they will all be on your TV sets!

- **Synchronised Badminton '96 (1-2 Aug. Solihull Recreation Ground)**
- **Egg & Spoon '96 (4 Aug, weather permitting. St John's Parish Church, Basildon)**
- **Vintage Car Grand Prix '96 (Bank Holiday Weekend, Perth to Inverness. Max speed: 10 mph)**
- **International Fruit Machine '96 (all of September, The Red Lion, Aberystwyth)**

And remember — in each of these fantastic festivals in the Summer of Bores there's a home-grown British hope who needs you to sit in front of the television for the whole summer.

Watch out for:

- **Olympic Bungee Jumper Gerard Twistleton-Foulkes**
- **Mountain Tennis Star Karen Tremble**
- **All-England Frisbee Relay Champion David Glinert**
- **Pitch 'n' Put veteran Alf Skidmore**

So wave your flags and sing the song!

♪ ♪

♪ *No one's coming home because there's nothing but sport on the telly...* ♩

PICK OF THE DAY

Radio 3 *Live Opera from Hanbury Manor in Hertfordshire*

La Nozze di Gazza

Donna e Kebab (Your Tiny Pizza Is Frozen)

CAST IN FULL

Gazza . . . . . PLAZZA DOMINGO
Sheryl . . . . . DAME KIRI TE KAZZA
Terri Venables . . . . . JOZZI CARERAS
Jimmino "Cinque Bellino" Gardineri . . . . . LUCIANO GAZZAROTTI

The London Philemup Orchestra conducted by Sir Christopher Evans, sponsored by Newcastle Brown Ale and *Hello!* Magazine

A Doctor writes

AS a doctor, I am often asked: "Doctor, how long have I got to live?"

What normally happens is that the doctor makes an estimate and the patient subsequently dies.

However, in rare cases, the patient recovers and suffers from Prolonged Life Syndrome or *Vita longus abnormalis*, as it is known to lawyers.

A side-effect of this disease is profound unhappiness on the part of the patient that he has not died as the doctor had told him.

The doctor will then receive a writ under the law of Non-Habeas Corpus ("There is no body") and will be expected to prescribe a huge amount of money to the patient to be taken at once.

If you are worried that the world is going mad, you are right.

© A. Penniless Doctor

SUPERMODELS KERBER

LIZ HURLEY COLLAGEN LIP IMPLANT SHOCKER
LIZ DARLING, DID YOU HAVE SOMETHING STUFFED INTO YOUR LIPS?
NO HUGH.....
THAT WAS THE HOOKER, REMEMBER?
OH YES!
LIZ HURLEY COLLAGEN LIP IMPLANT SHOCKER

SPOOF MANIFESTO LAUNCHED

by Our Political Staff
Simon Hogwash

A PARODY manifesto was today unveiled by the Labour Party. Entitled "The Road to Manifesto", it laboriously mimics the Tory policies outlined in the Conservative Manifesto.

At the press conference Tony Blair and Peter Mandelson proudly presented the facsimile document to journalists which heavy-handedly spoofs all of the main issues on which the election will be fought.

"The joke wears rather thin," said a number of old Labour supporters. "At first it seems mildly amusing but by the time we've gone through education, taxation, defence, devolution and trade union law it just gets pathetic."

That New Written Driving Test In Full

(as ordered by EU directive 91/439)

1. If you see a red light do you
a) Stop?
b) Go?
c) Wait till it turns to blue?

2. What is the maximum speed you can drive in a built-up area?
a) 42,763 kilometres per hour.
b) 80mph but only in reverse.
c) as fast as you can until you see a policeman and then you slow down and try to look as if you are driving below 30.

3. If you see this sign, what does it mean?

a) Three roads merge, priority on the right
b) Mercedes-Benz dealer ahead
c) You are entering a nuclear free zone, eg Brent.

4. If you run out of petrol on a motorway, do you
a) drive to the nearest service station?
b) use your mobile phone to ring everyone you know to say "You'll never guess what's happened to me"?
c) Look for the nearest stress counsellor?

5. If a builder in a white Transit van tells you to "fuck off", do you
a) fuck off?
b) try to engage him in a rational fight?
c) return the builder's instruction and become the victim of a road rage murder?

Candidates are allowed three hours to find the money to pay for this exam.

Bulletin No. 94
From The Referendum Bunker, Newcastle-on-Tyne

Achtung!

So, Mr Bond, you think you are so clever.

You hear that I am holding a mass rally of my millions of followers in the great city of Newcastle. so you arrange some silly football championship to coincide.

I congratulate you, Mr Major, on your little coup.

Twenty million deluded fools choose to watch your football match, while the audience for my historic Nuremcastle speech is precisely nil.

Very clever, Mr Major. The score is 1-nil to you. But we still have the penalty shoot-out to come.

(Manically strokes white Zulu on lap)

You think all is beginning to go your way. That your allies in the press are turning me into a laughing stock.

But I tell you, Mr Bond, it is I, Sir Jammy Fishfinger, who will be the one who is laughing when the great day comes and I launch my millions of highly trained pound coins to crush you into oblivion. Nicht wahr, Carla?

(Enter olive-skinned temptress in leopard-skin accessories, who hands him freshly ironed copy of The Times)

You see, Mr Major, I have a secret weapon up my sleeve. Not all the journalists are in your pay. Watch this.

(He presses gold button on console and a huge screen a million miles high rises from the piranha-filled fish tank behind him. On it a small grey-haired second-hand bookseller [Caption 'Lord Odd-Mogg'] is seen reading from a carefully prepared script)

Odd-Mogg: "Of all the people I have ever met, Sir Golden Jampot is undoubtedly the most charismatic. He exudes power from every pore. Simply to be in the same room as him is a privilege. He makes all other political leaders seem wholly insignificant. Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin, Mrs Thatcher – none of them can match the incomparable genius of..."

(Sir Jams turns off screen)

Thank you, Odd-Mogg.

So you see, Mr Major-Bond, that the greatest journalist in the world will be on my side in the forthcoming battle.

Think long and hard about it, Mr Bond, while you still have time.

Guards! *(He summons swarthy Greek henchman wielding ancient wooden tennis racquet)* Taki him away! (Just my little joke, heh heh heh.)

(Fishfinger climbs into giant motorised Marmite jar and lifts off into space)

Issued by the Referendum Party of Great Britain

(Temporary HQ, Newcastle-on-Tyne)

"Well, we've downsized — now what?"

TV TONIGHT

BBC2 9.30 — **THE VICAR OF TURVILLE** by John Mortimer

Farcical tale of saintly Home Counties vicar who sets out to provide holiday home for deprived inner city toddlers in idyllic country village. Trouble starts when rich, humourless, bald, boring historian Alistair Bastard leads the villagers in an armed revolt against the vicar's noble and idealistic project. The day is saved when lovable local playwright John Rumpole and his glamorous friend, fearless TV interviewer Jeremy Greatman, lead a band of celebrities up the drive of Bastard's swanky mansion to tell the villagers to mind their own business. *(Faction)*

CAST IN FULL

John Mortimer . . . . . **Leo McKern**
Jeremy Paxman . . . . . **Jeremy Irons**
Alistair Bastard . . **Sir Donald Sinden**
Vicar . . . . . **Derek Nimmo**
Man In Pub . . . . . **David Frost**

BBC1 7.30 — **SISTER WENDY'S HISTORY OF WESTERNS**

Everybody's favourite nun takes on a rollicking, raunchy ride through the history of this universal art form, from the primitive black and white images of Quattrocento Fox to the multi-coloured widescreen spectaculars of Gustav Klint Eastwood. This week Sister Wendy visits Dead Gulch City and takes a close look at some virile stallions. "Look at these horses," she says, "with their huge testicles and rampant whatsits. Ooh!"

CAST IN FULL

Sister Wendy . . . . . **Joyce Grenfell**
Man In Saloon **David Paradine Frost III**

AIMLESS ON TENNIS

Now, only in the Eye, the world's most highly paid writer, **Martin Aimless**, reports from Wimbledon

WIMBLEDON is a Beethoven symphony. It begins soft and sibilant, goes on with an ever bolder statement of theme and then works up to a mighty, triumphant finale, the crashing chords of the Men's Final, accompanied by the sweeter harmonies of the Women's Doubles and the guttural bassoon notes of the spectators cheering on the non-existent hopes.

This year will be no different. No English player will win a single game. Tennis is simply not an art form the English know how to master. The American-French-Croat axis will sweep all before it as usual.

The Men's Final will without any question be a shoot-out between the Mozart and the Rembrandt of tennis, Andre Agassi and Boris Becker. *(Is this enough? M.A. Invoice enclosed.)*

AMIS WORLDWIDE SYNDICATIONS INC

To: H. Hastings, Evening Standard

From: M. Shameless, the World's Greatest Writer

SELF-BILLING INVOICE

To: Article as supplied of 317 words, fee as agreed	£85,000.00
PLUS	
Fee to researcher Miss Isabella Chevrolet	£5,000.00
Pre-Tournament Luncheon at Garrick with D. Maskell and F. Perry	£10,516.00
Daily travel expenses (Manhattan-Wimbledon return, Concorde 1st Class)	£21,412.00
Orthodontic work for accompanying picture	£26,212.00
Plus VAT	£29,461.00
Say	**£2 million**

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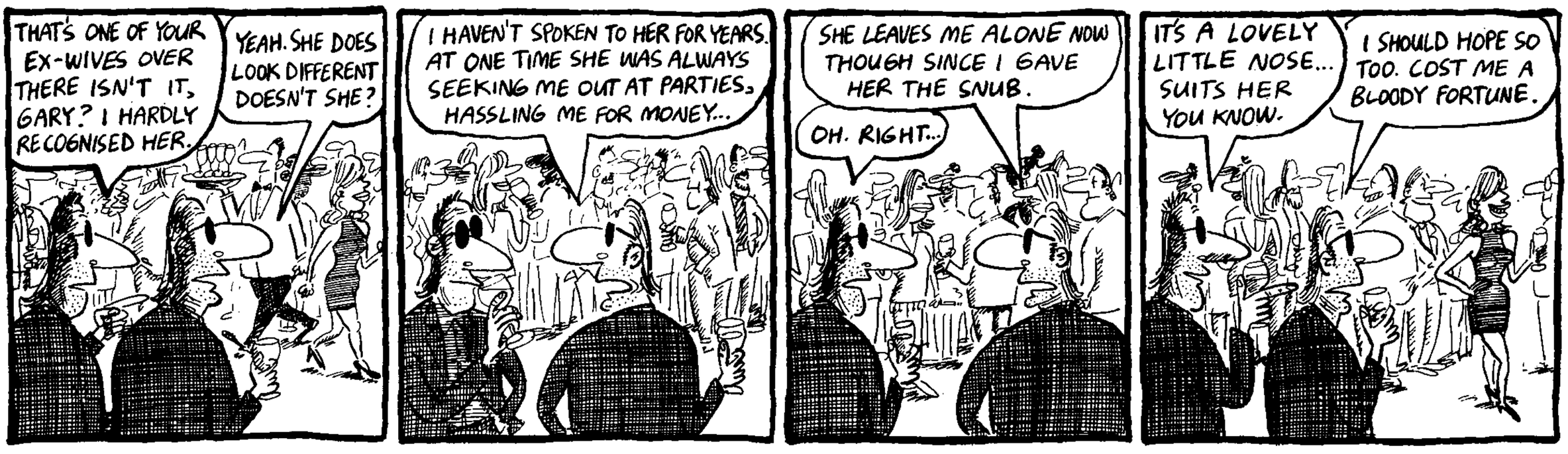
Celeb

LIGGER


THAT'S ONE OF YOUR EX-WIVES OVER THERE ISN'T IT, GARY? I HARDLY RECOGNISED HER.
YEAH. SHE DOES LOOK DIFFERENT DOESN'T SHE?
I HAVEN'T SPOKEN TO HER FOR YEARS. AT ONE TIME SHE WAS ALWAYS SEEKING ME OUT AT PARTIES, HASSLING ME FOR MONEY...
SHE LEAVES ME ALONE NOW THOUGH SINCE I GAVE HER THE SNUB.
OH. RIGHT...
IT'S A LOVELY LITTLE NOSE... SUITS HER YOU KNOW.
I SHOULD HOPE SO TOO. COST ME A BLOODY FORTUNE.

DIARY

AS an immaculately groomed lady of impeccable manners, I found myself drawn towards Sir Antony Buck. We had both found our perfect match. He found me an amusing companion and a wonderful distraction. I found him old, titled and beneath the table, with his cheque-book spilling out onto the floor.

When not lying under the table, Sir Antony was a sitting MP, and a man of standing. I determined to become the perfect female companion. But by 12 midnight on our very first date, Sir Antony had failed to give me any sort of gift, not even a luxury saloon car with full state-of-the-art sound-system and sun-roof. The incident rang warning bells I should have heeded. I had a sick feeling in the pit of my stomach. I had no wish to be associated with someone who behaved so badly. This was the first time I realised that the British upper classes have no style or panache. I determined to have it out with him.

"Andrew, darling," I said.

"Antony," he replied.

"Antony, darling," I said, "It is now past midnight. Where is my luxury saloon car with full sound-system and sun-roof? I am beginning to lose my respect for you, darling."

Antony coughed. I took it as a proposal of marriage. "OK, I will marry you, darling," I said, "But only on condition I can make a complete fool of you in a ritual public humiliation."

Needless to say, he was delighted by my elegant and understated suggestion.

On our honeymoon, Antony began to behave oddly, even going so far as to enter my personal bedroom without prior written permission. Though he claimed to love our Caribbean hotel, I noticed he changed the subject whenever I asked him to buy it for me. By the time we arrived back in London, I was totally convinced of my error in marrying him. In despair, I cried all day whilst addressing gold-embossed invitations to the expensive and luxurious Wedding Celebration dinner of my dreams.

The dinner was an eye-opener. It revealed the meanness and lack of *savoir faire* that characterises the English upper classes. What amazed me was that most of the guests arrived empty-handed, even though they could quite clearly see me standing behind the cash-till I had erected in the hall of the Connaught, barring the entrance to our private dining room. Frankly, I was appalled at their lack of dignity, and I am sorry to say they became no more generous when I announced over the intercom that postal

BIENVENIDA BUCK

orders and cheques would be acceptable with bankers' cards. The English upper classes have so little *style*.

At dinner, I sat next to Sir Geoffrey Howe. He was visibly astounded by my beauty, my glamour and my understated elegance, so that he couldn't keep his eyes off his Prawn Cocktail. We had instant rapport, drawn to one another like flies.

"I wonder if you could..." he began.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes, yes, YES!" I replied.

"...pass the salt?" he continued. Then he added: "And a little pepper might not go amiss." He was plainly besotted.

From the outset, I was dressed far better than the wives of other politicians. Other MPs might be let down by their wives, but this would never be the case for Sir Antony. This gave rise to jealousy and petty-mindedness. I attended the Lord Mayor's Banquet in a strapless see-through gold lame wet-suit topped by a most elegant hat from the Queen's milliners. I could sense from the looks of the other wives that they thought I should not be wearing an elegant hat. Did they not know that hats are always worn at important banquets, to lend dignity to the proceedings? "But do you not realise that my elegance is *understated*?" I stated.

Sadly the other Cabinet Ministers I met were unimpressive. Douglas Hurd was supposed to be a Foreign Secretary with international learning but he appeared not to know the expression "blow-job". Sir Patrick Mayhew was equally undistinguished. He seemed to be frightened of women. When I asked him to accompany me to my private suite, undo me at the back and help me slip out of my tube-dress into something a little more comfortable, he rudely changed the subject to the pros and cons of mortgage tax relief.

Society seemed to me full of silly people with lofty, meaningless titles who expected the world to look up to them. And now, as Lady Bienvenida Buck, I was determined to teach them a lesson, and have them falling at my feet.

Thanks to my husband's mood-swings, our marriage was soon on the rocks. I never gave Antony the slightest reason to be jealous, but he would grow increasingly irrational and ill-tempered when arriving home to find me naked on the bed with the Chief of the Defence Staff. Once he even failed to bring me back a gift. "Peter," I said to the Chief of the Defence Staff. "You are an army man. You must tell my husband that it is extremely bad manners and very embarrassing for a man not to bring his wife a gift in these circumstances."

At first, Peter was attentive and charming. It was a two-way thing. He would hold my hand and tell me what a wonderful, interesting and beautiful person I was, while I would hold his hand and tell him what a wonderful, interesting and beautiful person I was. But I should have heeded the warning bells. The flowers he sent me were always of a very poor quality, with few if any Cartier watches attached to their stems.

In the early days, Peter was wary about conducting an affair with me, believing it would compromise his position. So I used all the feminine wiles in my armoury to reassure him I was worthy of his trust. But after our affair had commenced, I began to lose respect for a man who could cheat on his wife and compromise his position as Chief of Defence Staff in such an undignified manner. One day, dining with Peter on Dover Sole with Chablis at the Lanesborough Hotel, I noticed that the couple at the table next to ours were eating caviare, Lobster, salmon and champagne. I knew then and there that the time had come to put an end to our association.

My motives were entirely unselfish. I worried for Peter that he was laying himself and his country open to disastrous publicity. So I decided to have us photographed in a romantic embrace by the *News of the World*. Yes, I had learnt my lesson the hard way. As an elegant and understated young woman, I had tried to preserve my dignity by removing my clothes and going to bed with distinguished gentlemen. And in return, all they could ever think about was sex. Typical!

John Bird

A REPORT in the *Evening Mail* on February 7 wrongly referred to the former Mayor of Fazeley, John Bird, as having a conviction for arson in 1992.

In fact, the conviction was for blackmail. We apologise for the error.

Arts

THIS no milk today my love has gone away the company was gay we turned night in today no milk today it wasn't always so oh why did she have to go but all thats left is a place dark and lonely a terraced house in a main street this is a test this is a test this isa test this is tate this diht sskdie

Sheffield Star

Literary Review

The novel in a fix

Infinite Jest
David Foster Wallace
(Little, Brown, £19.99)

THE above named artefact weighs in at a little over 3lb, contains 1,079 closely-printed pages (including some five-page paragraphs and — lawks — 388 footnotes) and has been acclaimed by various transatlantic pundits as, if not a work of genius, then something very like it.

"A spectacular achievement, addictive in its comedy and endless invention, detoxifying in its profound, clearheaded sadness" according to one; "almost certainly the biggest and boldest novel we'll see this year", in the opinion of *Kirkus Reviews*. Needless to say, it is none of these things, just the usual halfway reasonable idea spun out to about five times its natural length, and attended by maximal American kookiness and beetle-browed yumor. And, as is usual with these groaning Yankee imports, the book itself is somewhat less important than the, uh, cultural conditions in which it got written and the mental climate in which it will be received.

As it happens, we've been here before, repeatedly. At any time over the past 30 years it has been an article of critical faith on both sides of the Atlantic (especially on this side) that the American novel can knock its UK variant into a bagel wrapper. Back in the '60s it was quarter-of-a-million word slabs of self-indulgence by messrs Pynchon and Gaddis (both invoked on David Foster Wallace's jacket, ominously enough). Then it was how groovy oldsters like Mailer, Roth and Updike still were after all these years. Then it was brat-packers wisecracking in their Manhattan lofts. Then it was Bill Buford's Dirty Realists. The dust rises, falls away, and, dear me, the Anita Brookners of this world are still with us and even look somehow interesting and human by comparison.

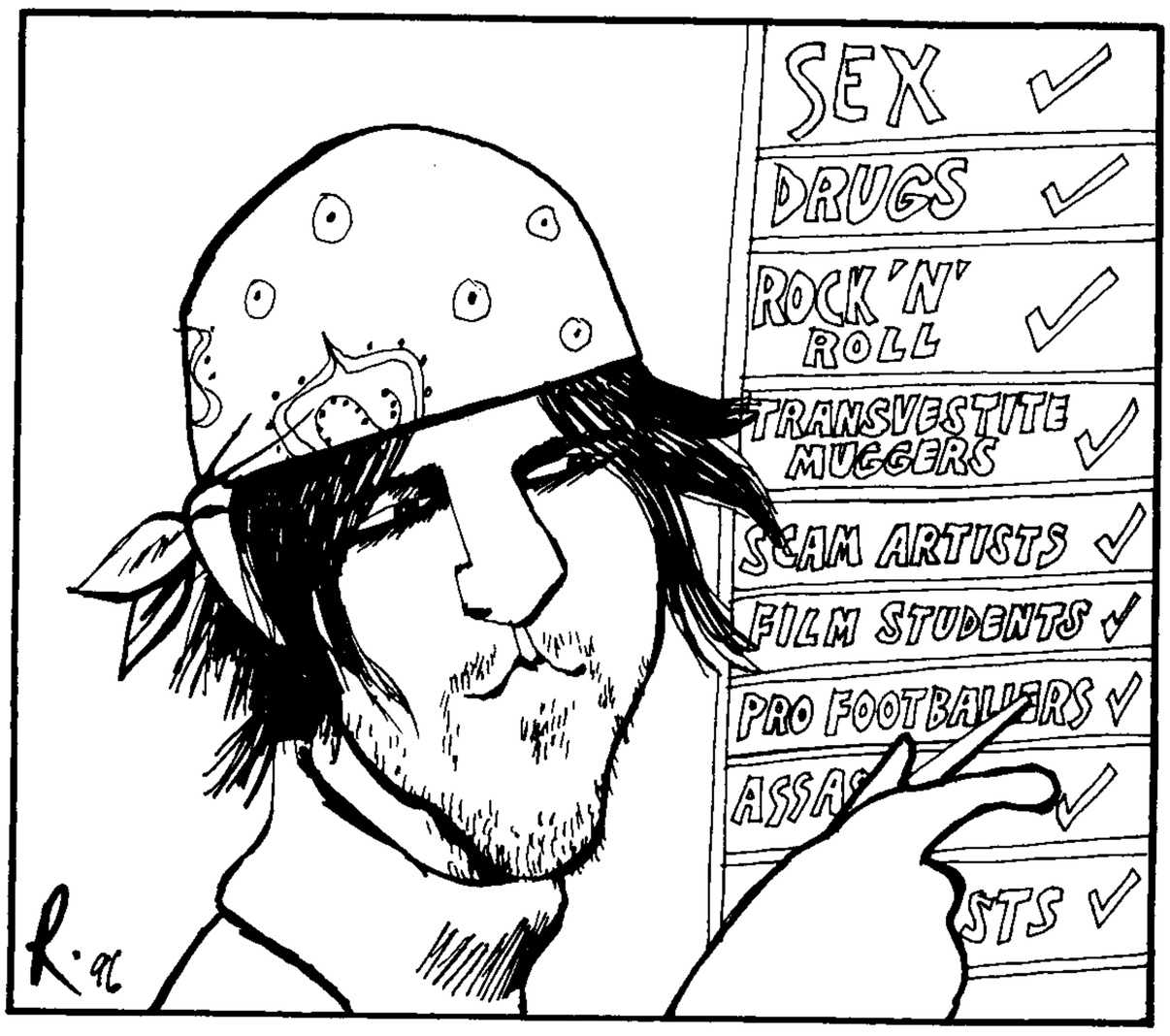
What happened to the American novel, which even in the late 80s could be profitably used as a handy weapon in the fight against A.N. Wilson-style English anaemia? Quite simply, it parted company with reality.

Never mind Pynchon, Barthes and fiction as obsessional prank, what happened to the American novel was that it began to look everywhere but in front of its face — zoomed off to the bad end of town to consort with the feds, the hoods and the dealers, or wrapped itself in antique folksiness. In all of this it was abetted by English critics who find a rapturous novelty in — say — Cormac McCarthy's pages of untranslated Spanish, or mainlining in Brooklyn.

Worst of all, perhaps, came the rise of the US campus as a venue where fiction could be written, brokered and admired. This month's dencies. *Infinite Jest* turns out to be the title of a film so entertaining that anyone who watches it wants to do nothing *but* watch it.

Its protagonists are the residents of a halfway house for recovering pharmaceutical abusers and the inmates of a nearby tennis academy. And... yup, it has everything: the mad plot (in which governments vie to get hold of the master tape); the interminable digressions (drugs, cockroaches — you name it, nothing's too much trouble for this boy); the pages of fractured chatter; and, above all, that characteristic US fictional canvas in which everyone is strung out, fucked up, high, low, or weird.

Here the blurb helpfully particularises: "a cast including burglars, transvestite muggers, scam artists, medical professionals, pro football stars, drug addicts both active and recovering, film students, political assassins, and one of the most endearingly messed up families ever captured in a novel."



Granta: Best of Young American Novelists (Granta £7.99) is, as more than one reviewer has noted, merely a ghastly tribute to the paralysis exerted by the average creative writing class. You can lead an American novelist to the stateside equivalent of the UEA, but you cannot make him write the modern equivalent of *The Grapes of Wrath*.

All of which brings us back to David Foster Wallace, who has hatched a thoroughly representative example of these debilitating tendencies. Oh dear, I'm just the teeniest bit bored with all those transvestite muggers, bless them, and their scam artist buddies — however ruefully self-absorbed their dialogue — and, really you know, if they put an instant moratorium on American novels about drug addicts would the Western Canon be any the poorer? Finally, one doesn't want all that dogged invention to be "endless"; one wants it to stop now and again. The point about any halfway decent art, dudes, is that it has limits.

"This subliminal assertiveness tape doesn't work. I want my money back and I want it **NOW***!"*

BOOKS & BOOKMEN

☐ RICHARD Charkin, chief executive of something called Current Science since his exit from Reed Books, and chief scourge of the book trade, advocates in *The Bookseller* that publishers' discounts to retailers should be mightily reduced. Who would disagree?

"More than half the money spent by a reader on a book is going towards display in a retail outlet," shrieks The Shark. "This cannot be cost effective." Indeed not.

Meanwhile on a certain day each week a number of senior publishers, who normally wouldn't be inclined to exchange the time of a day with one another, are to be found breakfasting together at 8am. This cabal represents the most high-powered collection of executives from all the major publishers.

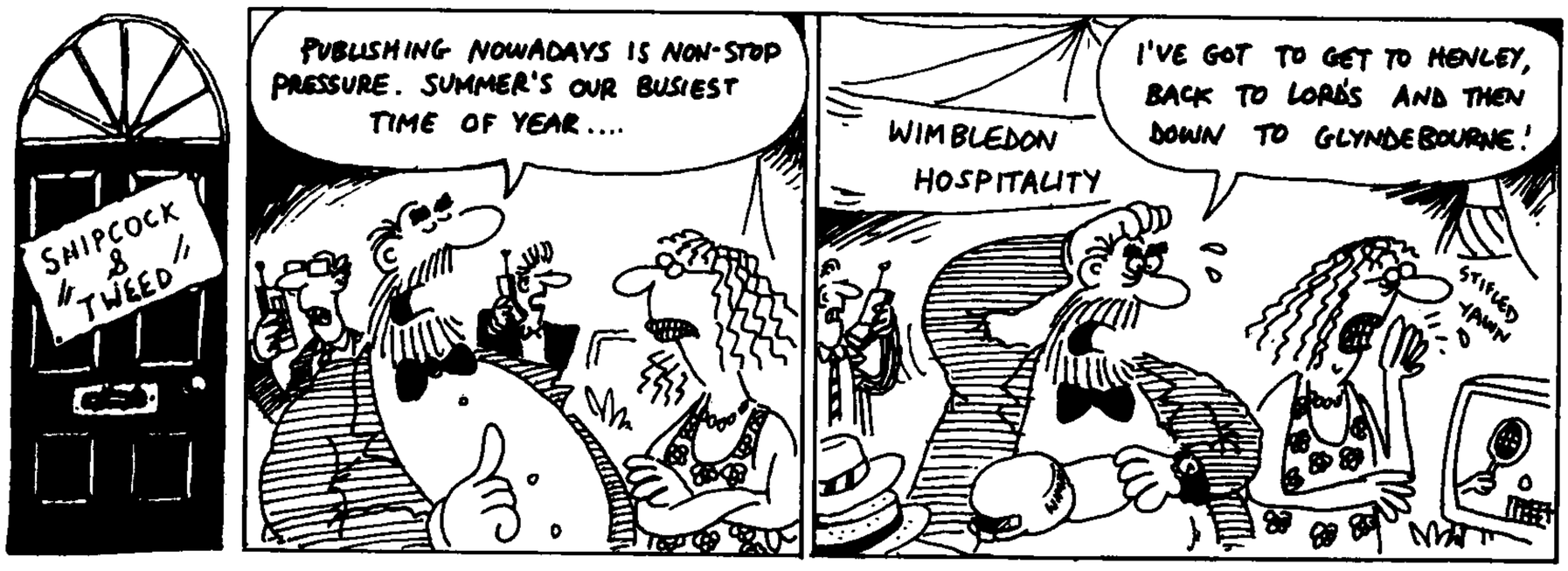
Their breaking of bread together is far from merely social. It is a plotting of the downfall of W.H. Smug by agreeing hugely to reduce the discounts the mighty conglomerates are presently giving to the Swindon "booksellers".

■ *HARPERCOLLINS ran a big "teaser" campaign for The Information by Martin Amis, blowing up the "i" on the jacket in phrases like "What is it?" and "Did you get it?". A more appropriate question now, however, might be "Where is it?" Certainly not on the best-seller lists.*

A month after it came out in paperback, Amis's novel is revealed to be an even bigger publishing disaster than cynics had expected. It has not appeared in the paperback top 10 and has been selling, according to figures in the Sunday Times list, fewer than 7,000 copies a week.

It has therefore earned royalties in the home market of less than £20,000. And HarperCollins' advance for The Information and a forthcoming collection of short stories? Just less than £500,000.

'Bookworm'


SNIPCOCK & TWEED
PUBLISHING NOWADAYS IS NON-STOP PRESSURE. SUMMER'S OUR BUSIEST TIME OF YEAR....
WIMBLEDON HOSPITALITY
I'VE GOT TO GET TO HENLEY, BACK TO LORD'S AND THEN DOWN TO GLYNDEBOURNE!
STIFLED YAWN

LUVVIES

"That's the thing I noticed about Nick years ago," says his friend Jim Carrey, who met Cage 10 years back on the set of *Peggy Sue Got Married*. "He doesn't just pick up a wedge of cheese. He wants to know the history. He wants to know exactly who made the cheese."

JIM CARREY (on NICHOLAS CAGE)
Vanity Fair (US Edition)

Submitted by Jane Rhodes.

An occasional column devoted to gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.

footnotes

HAMILTON OF THE WRITZ

NO MEASURE before the present parliament has been supported so energetically by Tories in both Houses than the "Hamilton amendment" which hastily changed the defamation bill, and even the bill of rights, so that Neil Hamilton, debonair MP for Tatton, can sue the *Guardian* for libel.

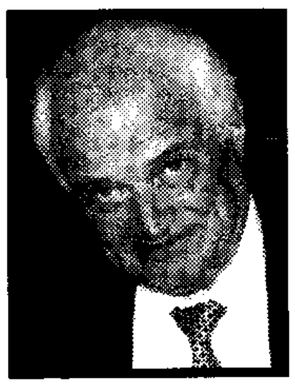
For this apparently puny amendment, Lady Thatcher, Lord Archer and Lord Tebbit organised their forces in the Lords, and almost the entire Parliamentary Tory party (pretending a "free vote") made sure it passed through the Commons, after a botched and interrupted debate on 24 June, by a majority of 63.

As they prepare for what may be their last long summer holiday with their party in office, Tory MPs can rest content that their pay has shot up, their consultancies have been protected from scrutiny and their inalienable right to libel anyone they please without fear of being sued has been balanced by their inalienable right to sue anyone who dares to libel them.

Three interesting questions arise from the Hamilton amendment.

1. Sir Jams Tomorrow?

Will Hamilton's extremely expensive action be funded by Sir James Goldsmith? In 1985, when Hamilton last appeared in the libel courts, suing the BBC for daring to suggest that he was a rightwing extremist, the costs of his action were "underwritten" by the Marmite millionaire.



GOLDSMITH

This raised the awkward question of declaration of interest. Hamilton effusively praised Goldsmith in the House but never declared anywhere that his libel action could not have been sustained without the Goldsmith millions. In the event, the BBC collapsed as the trial started and paid all Hamilton's costs; but the question of whether a guarantee to pay costs of a libel action represents a declarable interest was never answered. Now the rumour abounds that Hamilton's action may once more be underwritten by Goldsmith. This could prove even more problematic for the MP, since the millionaire is now in open electoral conflict with the Tory party.

2. Leave it to Smith

Opposing the amendment from Labour's frontbench, Paul Boateng asked: "If one member of the House is prepared to waive his privilege but another member who is involved in the proceedings is not prepared to waive his privilege, what will happen?"

This is not just an academic question. Hamilton objects to a *Guardian* article which suggested he had discussed taking cash for asking parliamentary questions. The same article accused Tim Smith, MP for Beaconsfield, of the same

SMITH

thing. Smith admitted the charge and resigned from the government. Smith has no interest in Hamilton's libel proceedings. He may well refuse to waive his privilege, and thus land the court in precisely the problem which prevented Hamilton from continuing his action in the first place.

3. Top Greer

Hamilton was joined in his original action by the lobbyist Ian Greer, of Ian Greer Associates. If Hamilton continues his action against the *Guardian*, Greer may join him again: The *Guardian*, in its defence, might well seek to play to the court the censored tapes of perhaps the biggest exposé ever launched by the British media.

In 1994 Central TV's *The Cook Report* team conducted an intricate confidence trick on Ian Greer Associates. Using actors masquerading as international businessmen, they pretended they had access to $40 million from the sale of works of art in Russia. In particular, they wanted to buy the department of trade's insolvency department, which, they thought, might help them with information about insolvent companies whose assets they could buy on the cheap. They pretended they were looking for access through Ian Greer Associates to influential government ministers to make this possible.

Greer and his acolytes fell for this fantastic nonsense hook, line and sinker. They were secretly recorded assuring Central TV's bogus businessmen that the Greer influence reached to the heart of the British government and industry (for details see *Eye* 852).

Just as the programme makers approached their "sting" in which Greer would be secretly filmed introducing his new clients to his "contacts" in high places, the whole project was suddenly and mysteriously stopped from on high. When this censorship was exposed — in the *Guardian* — the programme makers objected, and, for a few weeks in the autumn and winter of 1994, made strenuous efforts to revive their programme.

In particular, they pursued Greer's boast to them that he was even capable of providing an audience with the prime minister. This suggestion was put to 10 Downing Street press office, which was not quick to respond. Eventually Jonathan Haslam now Major's press secretary, conceded that Major had attended a lunch at a London hotel thrown by Ian Greer for some influential business clients on 18 October 1993. The press office confirmed this to the *Eye* this month, adding helpfully: "The prime minister sees businessmen all the time."

GREER

Not long after the Cook team discovered this interesting fact, the hammer came down hard on the programme. When former ITN reporter Bob Southgate took charge of the *Cook Report* in January last year, he insisted that all work on the Greer programme be stopped at once and forever. All the tapes and other material were promptly locked away in Birmingham vaults.

Are the tapes still there and might they at last be shown in public during Mr Hamilton's libel action? Certainly the minister most often referred to by Greer's men when they boasted of their contacts was the then minister of trade at the DTI, in charge of all privatisations — Neil Hamilton.

Hart in the right place

■ WHO is the genius behind the plan to flog off the homes of the armed services? The idea has infuriated army families, who feel they are being pawned to property speculators.

Step forward former bankrupt David Hart, official adviser to his old friend and frequent weekend guest Michael Portillo, defence secretary.

Hart's advice on these matters might be taken more seriously if he were not himself an ardent property speculator. In the past two years he has built up his new Arcadia group of companies with substantial properties all over the country.

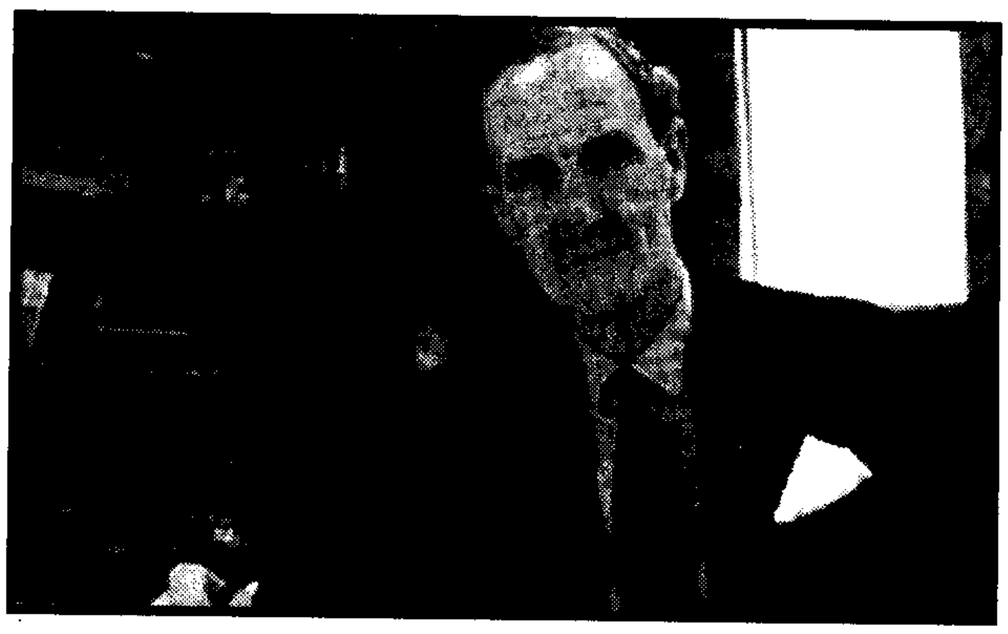
Arcadia Land (Buckingham Court) has bought a row of shops with expensive flats above them in London's Victoria. This carries a mortgage of £18.7 million. Arcadia's subsidiary in Cambridge has bought the Old Orleans restaurant plus offices (mortgaged for £2.4 million). Arcadia Land (Amersham) has two office blocks mortgaged for £3.2 million and in Southampton and Liverpool Arcadia companies have properties mortgaged for £2 million and £1.55 million respectively.

All these mortgages come from the Norwich Union, though there is another mystery investor who has stumped up for 43.6 per cent of Arcadia's properties. This investor goes by the name of Plaidarie Investments, whose four directors live in Guernsey.

The Church's Bum Foundation: 2

THE new report of the Commons social security committee on the great Church of England financial scandal does not help us very much with the important question: how did the church lose £80 million on a building development at Ashford in Kent for which planning permission was not granted and not a brick has ever been laid?

These spectacular losses were exposed and slammed by last year's committee report, which called on the CoE to set up an inquiry. This the church did in its usual fashion. Alan McLintock, chairman of the church's central board of finance, called up Sven Tester, his old chum from the accountancy firm KPMG. (Tester and McLintock both qualified as accountants in Scotland. Mr McLintock became senior partner of accountants Thomson McLintock, which was swallowed up in KPMG, and later chairman of the Woolwich.)



ALAN McLINTOCK: The great accountant

Tester conducted a secret inquiry into the Ashford scandal, and his report is now complete. It has been sent round, Scott-style, to all the people it criticises for their comments, and the church's lawyers will then decide if any of it can be published without fear of libel. Most of it almost certainly will never see the light of day.

Meanwhile the church happily proceeds to soak the laity for the money its leaders lost so recklessly on property speculation. If the "man and woman in the pew" show an understandable reluctance to cough up, the church leaders will try to make up their losses by sacking vicars, curates etc, especially in the poorer areas.

A growing army of outraged Christians wonder why the CoE doesn't try to get some of the money back by suing some of the professional firms in which it placed its trust during the speculative disasters: in particular, Coopers & Lybrand, the church's auditors throughout the period, and Chestertons, the distinguished estate agents who were so deeply involved in the Ashford scandal.

One answer might be that if anyone sues anyone else for the losses, someone might ask the awful question: are the Church Commissioners, as trustees of the Church of England charity, themselves liable in negligence for losses caused by their decisions or lack of decisions?

Faking Plans For Nigel

■ IT WAS a grand day for Devon and Cornwall police when former world racing champion Nigel Mansell enrolled as a special police constable last year. Now, however, police bosses are a bit uneasy about their new recruit because Mansell is involved in a furious legal quarrel with another Devon millionaire which is likely to occupy the courts — and the police — for many moons.

Mansell's problems date back to last summer when he handed a banker's draft for £800,000 to convicted swindler Anthony Collard. Collard had not been long out of prison for conning all sorts of important people, including Mark Phillips, the former husband of Princess Anne. Collard found it relatively easy to persuade Mansell to part with the money ostensibly to make a vast profit by buying and selling some likely-looking shares in an American computer company, as yet unnamed.

Collard, as was his wont, took the money and ran. He put down a £300,000 deposit on Wrescombe Court, a stately farmhouse near Yealmpton. It is owned by a Jersey-based trust company called Walbrook Properties, which is part of the Touche Ross group. The beneficiary of Walbrook is another Devon millionaire, Sebastian Fenwick.

Collard moved into the house and settled down to the lifestyle to which he was accustomed. Before long, however, he was on the run again — from three police forces. Last December he ended up in a Bristol hotel where he killed himself. Even before the body was discovered, Devon and Cornwall fraud squad had set up an inquiry.

Mansell, who was consumed with rage at the swindle, resolved to get his money back. He claimed that Wrescombe Court had been bought with his money and went to court on 13 June for an order to stop Walbrook Properties selling it. In reply, Walbrook's lawyers accused Mansell of being part of the scam with Collard. After three torrid hours of legal invective, Mansell's application to stop the sale of the house failed. He continues to sue Fenwick for the £300,000.

One curious aspect of the case is that several people involved in it, including Collard's widow, have been interviewed — sometimes at Mansell's luxury golf course at Woodbury, near Exmouth — by Exmouth police officers who are not part of the formal fraud squad inquiry but who say they are acting on behalf of Mr Mansell. The row looks like going on for months, and, like all good legal wrangles between extremely rich men, is expected to throw up some very interesting information.

M25: COPS COP OUT

■ IT IS with the usual distress that the *Eye* reports a spat between two of the government's least savoury junior ministers: John Watts, former adviser to the bus industry and now minister for road and rail; and David Maclean, home office minister responsible for the police.

The argument is about the much-vaunted scheme to control traffic flows on the hopelessly-overcrowded M25. The scheme, based on an intricate series of "enforcement cameras", depends entirely on the police checking the cameras and booking drivers shown to break the speed limits.

A pilot scheme last year was very successful in cutting down accidents and traffic jams — but it cost a lot of money. The cash was wrung from a reluctant Commons by John Watts in the form of a "special grant" under the 1988 local government finance act. To persuade MPs to give him extra taxpayers' money under this unusual procedure, Watts promised he would never come back for more. "The continuation of the scheme," he said, "should be absorbed within the normal police allocation for traffic work."

In other words, in future the scheme would be paid for by the police. Er, but the police don't agree. They have bluntly declared that they will not enforce the scheme unless someone else pays for it.

Mr Watts is shocked. In a "restricted" letter on 5 June he fulminated to Maclean: "I cannot accept that this is the right way forward... The enforcement of speed limits is an integral part of policing duties for which they are appropriately funded." His letter ends: "I am writing to seek your assistance in resolving the problem. It would be most unfortunate if it was to become public that a scheme providing very substantial safety benefits had to be abandoned because of a refusal by the police to discharge their normal traffic obligations."

As though to ensure this "most unfortunate" outcome, the letter was promptly leaked to the *Eye*.

Tap,tap...Arise Sir Jim

■ THE unprecedently early knighthood in the birthday honours for James Sharples, chief constable of Merseyside, coincided almost exactly with the decision (by 26 to 1) of the European commission for human rights that the privacy of Alison Halford, former assistant chief constable at Merseyside, had been violated. The commission held that her office phone had been tapped — by her colleagues at Merseyside police.

ALISON HALFORD

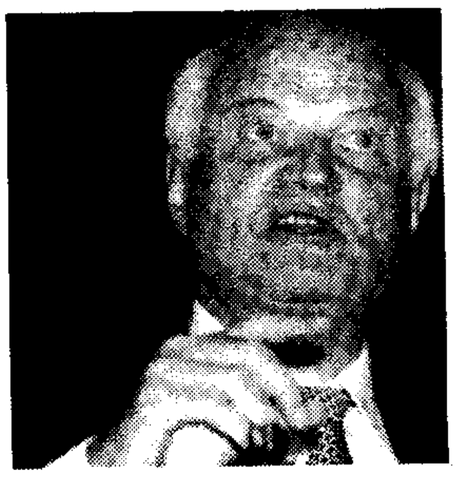
You can write to Paul Foot at 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 0171 287 3183

In the City

IT MIGHT be premature to rush to accept at face value the latest patriotic communiqué from "El Jefe", Sir James Goldsmith — aka M. le president of the true red, white and blue Referendum party — that he has informed the Inland Revenue of his availability for taxation. Goldsmith reportedly has generously volunteered that he is now "permanently resident" here — presumably at Ormeley Lodge, the Surrey mansion owned by a company in the Cayman islands.

This will no doubt help to silence those nit-pickers who point to his home in Mexico, his role as a French MEP and his dual Anglo-French nationality every time he wraps himself in the Union Jack and appeals to Little Britain.

However, one wonders how this latest declaration squares with whatever MEP Jimmy, representative of the L'Autre Europe party, tells the French tax authorities? And exactly what is he declaring as liable for British tax — his worldwide income and assets or only those which he receives and owns in Britain?



PAY-TRIOTIC? Sir Jimmy Goldsmith, ready, willing and more than able to pay tax in Britain

As a billionaire born in Paris whose father was born in Frankfurt and who has homes abroad, Goldsmith is in a somewhat more fortunate position than those Referendum party voters born here and whose fathers were born here. He has a choice as to where he is taxed and on what for income, capital gains and assets.

Given the Goldsmith penchant for owning or controlling his empire through companies and foundations in opaque, offshore tax havens like the Caymans, Panama and Liechtenstein, this sudden desire to make a contribution to treasury coffers is touching in the extreme. However, before Little Englanders tick his box, perhaps we should be told exactly what this great patriot is offering to be taxed on and for how long. Does, for example, the promise of "permanent" residence extend beyond May 1997 and the next election?

WHOM exactly does the great storyteller Lord Archer have in mind when he says the second Anglia Television insider dealing investigation concerns "three City people"?

Certainly not to be included among any such trio are Sir Michael Richardson, Jeremy Tulk-Hart and Mark Davies Jones, all formerly of bidder MAI's adviser Smith New Court, and all of whom had absolutely no contact with either Archer or Karen Morgan Thomas, his stockbroker friend who also made a purely fortuitous purchase of Anglia shares before the bid.

Of great interest to the still busy inspectors from the Department of Timidity & Inaction is whether the remorseless rise in the Anglia share price ahead of the MAI bid may have been another example of one or more of the City's longstanding insider dealing rings at work.

An interesting theory would seem to be that, contrary to long held suspicion, far from Archer being the source of any inside information (which he has always denied) he might have been the innocent recipient — and not from his fragrant wife Mary, an Anglia director. If true, that could explain why he acquired the 50,000 Anglia shares for his Kurdish chum Broosk Saib, not unknown in certain City circles, in such an obvious fashion and why he later apologised for embarrassing her.

THE SUDDEN departure of Henry A. Sweetbaum from Wickes, propelled by the revelation of profits overstated by at least £25 million, recalls two earlier exits.

"Sweetbum", a London-based American, first attracted attention in the fringe bank era of the early 1970s. For a while until 1972 he was a director of Thames Guaranty, which collapsed four years later. He quit for another tertiary bank, York Trust. However, that relationship ended with his leaving in 1976 after a suggested falling out with his co-directors over previous decisions.

"Sweetbum" returned with a management buy-out of DIY chain Wickes in 1982 after its American parent ran into financial problems. Now once again he smells something less than sweet.

AS more details emerge as to how Stephen Hinchliffe treated the company as a private piggy bank (something he had done with previous companies public and private), perhaps Facia should be seen as standing for: Fuck All Creditors, I'm All Right.

YET another setback to the City ambitions of Rupert Galliers-Pratt and the prats who follow him. A year after Vancouver-listed Princess Resources raised $17.5 million, assisted by S.G. Warburg and Canadian junk merchants T. (Timbuktu) Hoare, to go into gold mining in Kazakhstan, someone else has the mine and the Princess investors have the, er, shaft.

According to chairman "RPG", Princess had the right to participate in developing the Vasilkovskoye project, one of the world's largest gold deposits. Princess deposited $7.5 million interest free to play in the Kazakh gold game with its then partner, Canadian mining group Placer Dome. But last October Placer Dome pulled out of Kazakhstan saying the gold project was unviable. Princess pressed on with Lonrho and without its $7.5 million deposit.

Now the Kazakhs have awarded the Vasilkovskoye project to another group seemingly leaving Princess out in the cold. Its "refundable" $7.5 million is now due back. But so is the $35 million paid up front by Placer Dome to certain "agents and intermediaries" to smooth the deal with the Kazakh government and of which the Princess deposit was a part-reimbursement. The Kazakhs now seem to be in no hurry to repay. Ho hum. At least the Princess prospectus warned "there can be no assurance" of repayment, so investors can't say they were not warned.

FORMER senior HongKong Bank and Wardley executive Ewan Launder is still resisting extradition from Britain back to Britain's last colony to face £4 million corruption charges relating to the 1983 collapse of the Carrian property group.

Launder, who left Hong Kong a much richer man than he arrived, has conducted a rearguard action for almost three years. Twice he has been ruled legally fit to be shipped back. Now he has come up with an unusual final wheeze to escape trial.

His lawyers claim Launder should not be sent back to Hong Kong because if convicted and jailed he would end up at the mercy of the colony's Chinese rulers who takeover in less than a year. The high court has yet to give its verdict.

If Launder wins a reprieve it could be politically embarrassing. Not surprisingly, therefore, the British authorities are saying Hong Kong's courts and prisons will be just as fair and humane once the human right loving democrats of Peking are in charge.

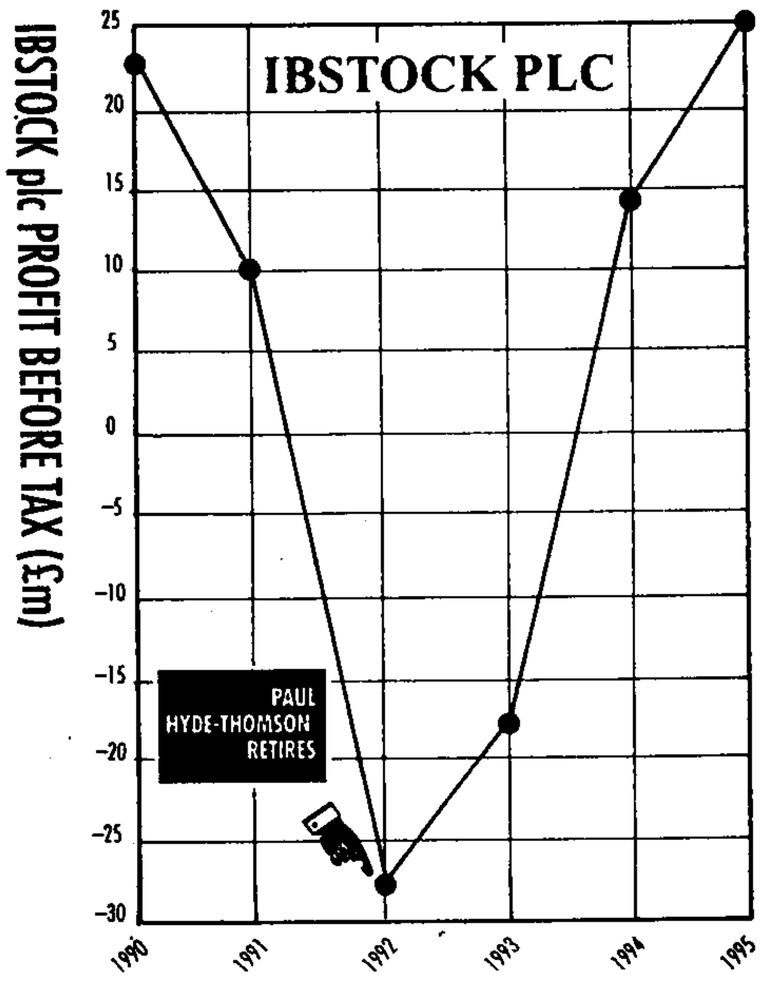
MERCHANT bankers Hambros' grand plan to raise cash and refocus the business by unloading its private detective and security companies Network and Defence Systems seems to be in difficulties.

A deal was seemingly all set to sell the two companies as a package to a group featuring David Walker of rival security group Saladin. But this seems to have upset DSL's boss Alastair Morrison, who had no wish to work for his fellow ex-SAS officer and is said to prefer a management buy-out.

The asking price for Network, put at up to £20 million, has also been seen as too rich. Whether Hambros will now be able to complete the sale as planned appears increasingly uncertain.

'Slicker'

British Management Part 39.
PAUL HYDE-THOMSON CBE, Director Simons Group Ltd, former director McKechnie plc, former High Sheriff Leicestershire, Conservative activist. Chairman building materials manufacturers Ibstock plc until 1992.



EDUCATION NEWS

SOUTHAMPTON Institute is looking forward to the summer after two terms of turmoil.

Director David Leyland has ignored a staff vote of no-confidence and refuses to disclose details of a higher education quality council report believed to be heavily critical of his management.

Staff found Leyland's latest restructuring plans — steamrollered past academic bodies — the final straw. In recent months they had watched his disastrous attempts to set up foreign ventures. He had established mostly unprofitable franchises in Dublin, Bombay and Moscow, and a complete campus in Greece.

While the Southampton campus struggled financially, closing a course and coping with higher and higher student ratios, its money was poured into Greece. In all, more than £250,000 was spent on the campus, which only managed to attract 30 students.

While the scheme was set up, the college's senior management spent £37,000 on visits to check its progress. These trips included club class flights and five-star accommodation.

Methods of payment to the college from the campus were also unusual. Brown envelopes stuffed with cash worth thousands were smuggled out of Greece by the institute's couriers. One envelope contained £13,000 when transfers over £1,500 should be handled by the Greek National Bank.

STANDARD Attainment Tests (SATS) have been carried out in primary schools across the country and have been marked by teachers specially trained for the task.

Those teachers, one for roughly every four schools, were even given a sample paper to read and practise on. Imagine their surprise on opening the real papers to find them identical to the practice paper they had been given. Thus any primary school teacher who had the practice paper and who had rehearsed the class through the tests gave the pupils two runs at the real thing.

Moreover, all the SATS papers were sent to schools at least a fortnight before the tests were due to take place. In some schools teachers were ordered to open the envelopes and take a peak to ensure that their revision for the real tests could be more effective. This "extra-curricular" activity should surprise nobody: when schools are inspected, SATS results and position in the league table are given overwhelming priority by Ofsted inspectors.

● WOULD the teacher from Dorset who wrote to Paul Foot on 6 July 1996 please contact him by telephone on 0171-437 4017.

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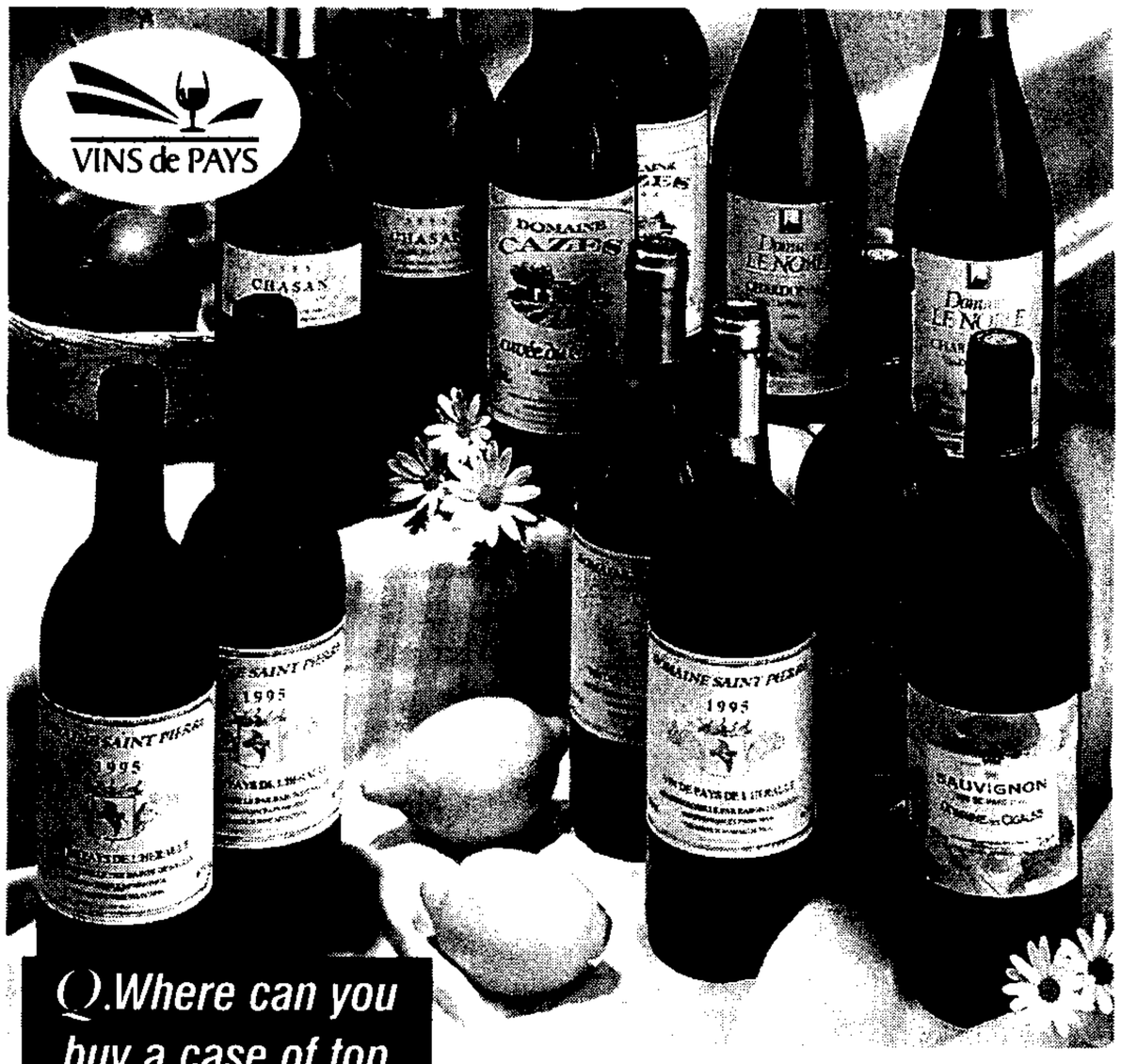

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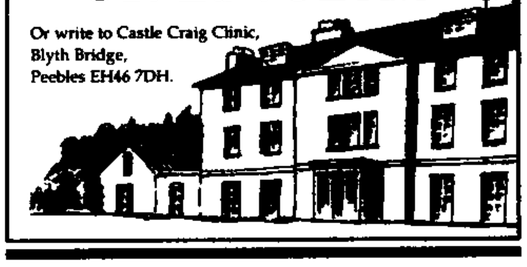

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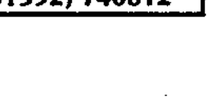

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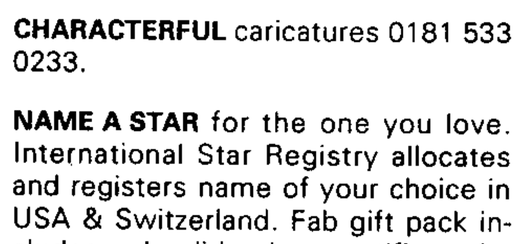

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TALL, SENSUAL, attractive solvent London man, 40, with wicked sense of humour seeks an uninhibited younger sexy lady to pamper and for discrete champagne fun, passion and excitement. For a little Summer mischief please write with your telephone number to Box 1102.

PRIZED CITY MAN, (41, urbane, tall, fit, attractive, witty) needs pretty and intelligent companion (possibly rurally-based, preferably full-bosomed) for an occasional meeting of minds. Box 3502.

OXFORD ACADEMIC/WRITER, divorced, young 40s, fit, slim, Shakespeare deadringer, wicked SOH, seeks any shade of lady 25-40 for romantic comedy, no shrews. Box 3602.

TACTILE MALE — early 50s, divorced, slim and reasonably attractive, loves music and the countryside — seeks like-minded n/s female for friendship, fun and more. Photo appreciated. North Manchester/East Lancs/West Yorks. Box 3802.

MALE, SLIM, affluent, caring and not unattractive, seeks sensuous, intelligent female for wining, dining central London. Box 4002.

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AMUSING TALL MALE with athletic build seeks lady with inner beauty, age unimportant. ALA. Discretion assured. Box 1601.

RESEARCHER-WRITER — humorous, solvent, well used, loosely attached needs super well-adjusted petite n/s lady. French phrases. Licence essential for South West France and beyond. Adventurous project. Holiday atmosphere, unconventional shapely HRT users welcome. Photo or self portrait. Box 0602.

HANDSOME, 40 YEARS OLD professional company owner, attached, seeks no-strings daytime liaison in Bath area. Box 0702.

ART STUDENT MAN, 49, married, seeks occasional girlfriend with interesting designs. Hants. Box 0802.

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MALE, YOUNG, 38, (5'7"), intelligent, witty, attractive, fit, laidback but passionate into various sports/social activities, seeks soulmate with some pzazz, a little style, a glint in the eye, and a wicked smile (Dundee). Box 1502.

HANDSOME, SUCCESSFUL, affluent man, 48, seeks gorgeous, attractive, younger woman for discreet liaisons in the London area. Photo appreciated. Box 1602.

CHARMINGLY ROBUST MAN, 40, seeks elegant, witty woman, 35 to 50, attached or otherwise to smooth his rough edges. Brighton/thereabouts. Box 1702.

LONDON MAN (32) seeks sexy passionate lady (20-40) for discreet liaisons. Box 2402.

PROFESSIONAL, 30, female, 5'11" tall, gsoh, kind, out-going personality. Seeks tall, professional male for long term relationship. Photo please. Box 2502.

TALL GOOD-LOOKING sensitive sensual male, seeks winsome lady 20-35 for fun and romance. Must be outgoing sporty and humorous. Box 2602.

LARKIN NON-LOOKALIKE, East Yorkshire based, fit male, single parent, late 40s, n/s, literary/educational background, gsoh, seeks funny, slim, tender woman for new life. Box 2702.

TALL, SLIM, good-looking man, 33, kind, witty, intellectual, solvent, seeks very attractive, clever, easy-going woman with a taste for irony. 22-34. Photo please. London/SE. Box 2802.

RADA-TRAINED post-graduate curvaceous lady (33) seeks cultured, humane, single, heterosexual mate. Box 2902.

LADIES — I'm looking for a one-only special woman to meet during the week and/or to accompany me on trips because even the best places in the world are no fun on your own. I'm 36 years old, attractive, humorous, etc. (but loosely attached) and the owner of an international group of companies, hence the frequent travel in UK and abroad. Box 3002.

WHAT'S A NICE GIRL like me doing in an ad like this? Like me, you are good-looking, professional, enjoy talking, laughing, eating and drinking. Not short of admirers — but discerning. Late 20s/30s. London. Photo please. Box 3102.

SINGLE MALE, professional, 34, 6'2", own teeth, own soh, seeks intelligent, independent woman without aversion to baldness or beards. Box 3202.

LITHE, LIVELY London Lawyer (male, 29, n/s), desires delightful damsel for friendship, fine food and foreign forays. Box 3302.

A Startling Memory Feat That You Can Do

How I learned the secret in one evening. It has helped me every day.

WHEN my old friend Richard Faulkner invited me to a dinner party at his house, I little thought it would be the direct means of doubling my salary in less than two years. Yet it was, and here is the way it all came about.

Towards the end of the evening things began to drag a bit as they often do at parties. Finally someone suggested the old idea of having everyone do a 'party-piece'. Some sang, others forced weird sounds out of the piano, recited, told stories and so on.

Then it came to Peter Brown's turn. He said he had a simple 'trick' which he hoped we would like. First he asked to be blindfolded. Those present were to call out 25 random numbers of three figures each, such as 161, 249, and so on. He asked me to list the numbers in order as they were called.

Peter then astounded everyone by repeating the entire list of 25 numbers backwards and forwards. Then he asked people to request numbers by their position in the list, such as the eighth number called, the fourth number and so on. Instantly he repeated back the correct number in the positions called. He did this with the entire list — over and over again without making a single mistake.

Then Peter asked someone to shuffle a deck of cards and call them out in order. Still blindfolded he instantly named the cards in their order backwards and forwards.

You may well imagine our amazement at Peter's remarkable feat. You naturally expect to see a thing of this sort on television or the stage. Even then you look upon it as a trick. But to see it done by an ordinary businessman, in plain view of everyone, blindfolded and under conditions which make trickery impossible, is astonishing to say the least.

* * * * *

On the way home that evening I asked Peter Brown how it was done. He said there was really nothing to it — simply a memory feat, the key to which anyone could easily learn in one evening. The reason most people have bad memories is because they leave memory development to chance. Anyone could do what he had done and develop a good memory, he said, by following a few simple rules. And then he told me exactly how to do it. At the time, I little thought that evening would prove to be one of the most eventful in my life, but that's what it proved to be.

What Peter said I took to heart. In one evening I made remarkable strides towards improving my memory. In just a few days I learned to do exactly what he had done. At first I amused myself with my new-found ability by amazing people at parties. Everyone was talking about my 'memory feat', and I was showered with invitations to all sorts of occasions. People often asked me how they also could become more popular and successful. I used to tell them to learn my 'memory feat' — but this is apart from what I want to tell you now.

The most gratifying thing about the improvement of my memory was the remarkable way it helped me in business. I discovered that my memory training had literally put a razor edge on my mind. My thinking had become clearer, quicker, keener. I was fast acquiring that mental grasp and alertness I had so often admired in men who were spoken of as "brilliant" and "geniuses".

Then I noticed a marked improvement in my writing and conversational powers. Formerly my writing and talk was halting and disconnected. I could never think of things to say until the conversation was over. But now words and ideas leap into my mind. I never have to search for the right word, the right expression or the right thing to say. Instantly I find myself impressing people with bright, sparkling conversation.

It wasn't long before my new-found ability to remember attracted the attention of our Chairman. Since then my salary has increased dramatically.

I found that my ability to remember helped me tremendously in dealing with other people, particularly in meetings. The man who can back up his statements quickly with a string of definite facts and figures dominates every situation. Now it seems as though I never forget anything. I can instantly recall any fact I want to remember as if it were printed in black and white!

* * * * *

These are only a few of the hundreds of ways I have profited by my trained memory. No longer do I suffer the frustration of meeting people I know and not being able to recall their names. The moment I see someone I have met before a name leaps into my mind, together with a string of personal facts. Now I find it easy to recall everything I read. I can now master a subject in considerably less time than before. Price lists, reports, quotations, data of all kinds. I can recall in detail almost at will. I rarely make a mistake.

What's more, I can now do my day's work quicker and with much less effort than before.

What Peter told me that eventful evening was this: "Send for details of Dr. Bruno Furst's Memory Course." I did. That was my first step in learning to do all the remarkable things I have told you about. In fact, I was so impressed that I got permission to publish Dr. Furst's Course myself.

My advice to you now is don't wait another minute. Full details of Dr. Furst's remarkable Course are available free on request. You will be amazed how a powerful memory can improve your opportunities at work and in your social life. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose by posting the coupon today.

BOB HEAP

* * * * *

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(tick which traits closely describe you)

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❒ Romantic ❒ Adventurous

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(tick for yes, cross for no or leave blank if you don't feel strongly)

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❒ Do you involve yourself with community activities?
❒ Do you have many friends of your own sex?
❒ Are you interested in current affairs?
❒ Are you looking for one special relationship?
❒ Do you like team activities?
❒ Does your work make it difficult to meet new people?
❒ Do you feel resentful when forced to act quickly?
❒ Do you want to extend your social life as well as finding a special relationship?
❒ Do you devote a lot of time to your social life?

6. Your interests

(sections 6. and 7. Please tick for a liking, cross for a dislike or leave blank for no pref.)

❒ Wining/Dining ❒ Jazz/Folk music
❒ Pubs ❒ Classical music
❒ Sports/Keep fit ❒ Theatre/Arts
❒ Entertaining ❒ Watching TV
❒ Reading ❒ Smoking
❒ Travelling ❒ Mixing with friends
❒ Walking ❒ Children
❒ Cinema ❒ D.I.Y. / Crafts
❒ Pets/Animals ❒ Gardening
❒ Pop music ❒ Sightseeing

7. Details of the partner you would like:

Minimum age:_____ Maximum age:_____
Height: min._____ max._____ Don't mind ❒
Marital status: Single ❒ Divorced ❒
Widowed ❒ Separated ❒
Don't mind ❒
Build: slight ❒ medium ❒ large ❒
Attractiveness:
Very attractive ❒ Attractive ❒ Average ❒

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Please answer the questions above, cut out this page and send it to us at Dateline 23 Abingdon Road, London W8 6AL *or call us now on (01869) 324 100*

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